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Neugutkreuz

BY  
*Tom·Fleming*



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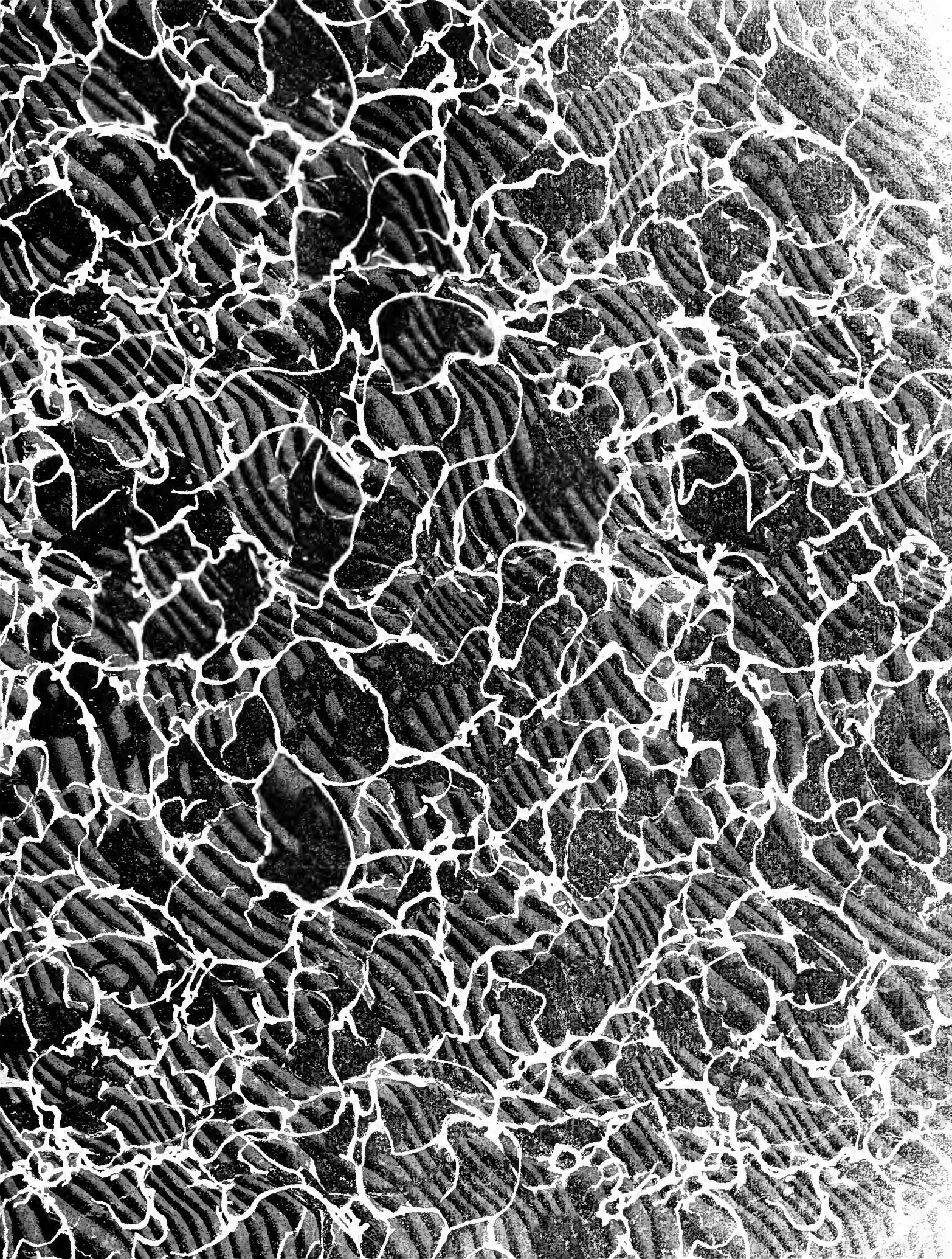
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A REAL HISTORY  
OF  
NEWARK  
AND  
Notable  
Newarkers



MAR 23 1917

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NEWARK, N. J.  
Tom Fleming Cartoon Syndicate  
1916

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## FOREWORD

WE KNOW OUR PUBLIC MEN BEST BY THE CARICATURES MADE OF THEM & THE PROSMIC PHOTOGRAPH OF A CELEBRITY WILL SELDOM BE RECOGNIZED SO READILY AS A GOOD BURLESQUE PORTRAIT WILL BE & EXAGGERATION OF THE PREDOMINANT CHARACTERISTICS OF A FACE OFTEN ACCENTUATES ITS STRENGTH, AND WHEN THIS IS DONE WITHOUT ANY THOUGHT OF MALICE THE RESULT OFTEN PROVES AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE & THERE IS TOO LITTLE SUNSHINE IN THIS SOMBRE, VENIOUS WORLD, AND HE WHO DISPELS ITS SHADOWS WELL DESERVES THE PLAUDITS OF MANKIND & LIFE SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY & TEMPER IT WITH LAUGHTER AND GOOD CHEER  
THE CHARACTER SKETCHES IN THIS WORK ARE INTENDED AS SIDELIGHTS ON THE PERSONALITIES OF NEWARK'S NOTABLE MEN FROM THE HUMOROUS STANDPOINT, AND IT IS TRUSTED THAT THEY WILL BE REGARDED IN THE SPIRIT IN WHICH THEY WERE CONCEIVED AND EXECUTED.

*Tom Fleming.*

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## CHAPTER I.

### How the Newark Acorn Was Planted

THE first notable Newarker was the redoubtable Robert Treat, an astute Connecticut Yankee, who, probably wearied by the too restraining influence of sundry sumptuary laws, and the overcrowded condition of the Nutmeg State in 1660, resolved to seek a new land wherein he could make good the subtle significance of his name, for be it understood that although he had long been a near neighbor of the New Amsterdammers, he was no Dutch Treat.

That Treat treated the aborigines of the new land well, in fact, better than they had ever been treated before, is amply attested to by the records. Veracious chroniclers relate that he gave them four barrels of "beere" for a tract of land inhabited by little else than bull frogs and pollywogs.

When it is considered that this was before the advent of those colossal establishments devoted to the mysteries of brew, and that the "foamy stuff" was probably imported, it



must be conceded that this was indeed a good treat for those innocent children of the wilderness.

The true story of Newark's settlement has probably never been adequately told. It has never been related how earnestly Captain Treat entreated those hard-headed Puritans to leave their beloved land of steady habits and embark in an expedition to a far off land to brave the stings and arrows of adversity, Indians and mosquitoes.

At first his entreaties fell upon reluctant ears. Indifference, mingled with incredulity, greeted his most vehement appeals and it was not until he dilated upon the vision of magnificent profits which awaited fortunate investors in Newark real estate two hundred and fifty years later that the shrewd New England instinct for bargains was fully awakened.

In glowing colors he painted the bright future of the coming city—of the “Ironbound” district, the “Hill” section, and—Prince street.

But it was not until he eloquently described the gullibility of the red-nosed red-skins, who would trade their best





FAIR NEWARK'S  
PROTECTOR

Michael T. Long is Chief of Newark's "Finest". Long has been connected with the guardians of the peace; and "long may he be," say all of Newark's law abiding citizens. His motto is "Clubs are trumps in the Police Game."



land for strings of wooden nutmegs to give to their squaws for beads, that his hearers finally became interested in the excursion.

Although Robert Treat was a doughty captain and a soldier to the core, it must not be inferred that he was an ensanguined warrior whose only thought was that of war.

Far from it—he was a man of peace.

It was his firm resolution that sanguinary war was to have no place in his negotiations with the Indians, or in his great scheme of empire. Believing implicitly in the principles of peace as they were understood in his day, and not having the advantage of grape-juice as an aid to his diplomatic negotiations with the savages, he did the next best thing. Having witnessed the folly of playing the red-skin-game with implements of war, he wisely approached the unsophisticated savages with fire-water instead of fire-arms.

He planned better than he knew. Newark was baptized with small beer—and lo, and behold!—it was to become the home of some of the finest breweries in the land. Verily, great oaks from little acorns grow.



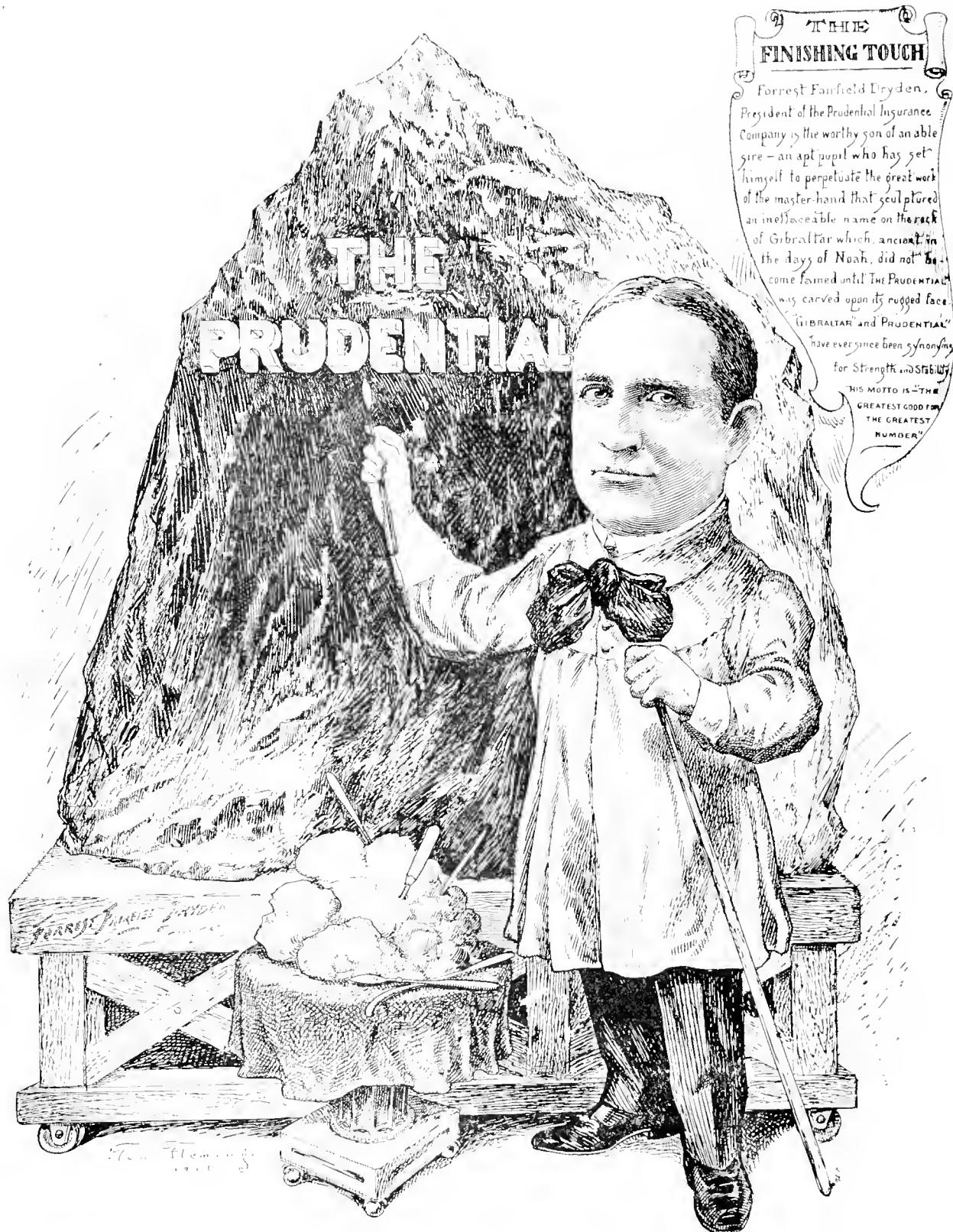


On the memorable morning of the day on which Captain Treat landed his little party of Puritans, the banks of the Passayak river were lined with wonder-stricken savages. They eyed the new-comers suspiciously. Strange tales of the pale faces had reached them. Although they prayed incessantly to their deity, in their dealings with the red men, they departed woefully from the teachings of their scriptures and it was small wonder that the simple savages distrusted the pale faced strangers.

But Captain Treat was a shrewd diplomat. He was exceedingly anxious to ingratiate himself with the Indians. With this end in view, he tendered them copious draughts of fire-water to show that he was not cold and inhospitable.

This had the desired effect as the red-skins were soon indulging in all the antics usual to an over-familiarity with the fiery liquid. In their maudlin state they vowed eternal friendship for the whites and vociferously swore in Indian that they would remain friendly for any number of moons—or as long as the fire-water lasted.







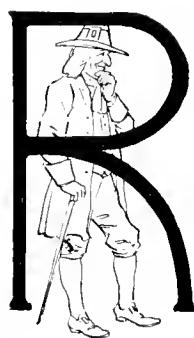
It is however sad to relate that the pale faces took undue advantage of these trusting children of the forest. Noticing the marked effect produced by a little free liquor, they ever after invariably "set up the drinks" before making any attempt to barter with the red men for the many bundles of skins they brought to the settlement for trade. This is probably the origin of the very significant phrase—"Skin game."

Thus we can now readily perceive how those shrewd Connecticut farmers were enabled to drive such famous bargains for land in the vicinity of the Four Corners, which has since become the envy and covet of every real estate manipulator doing business in the thriving modern town which now lies upon the banks of the turgid Passaic stream.



## CHAPTER II.

### Robert Treat



ROBERT TREAT was born of wealthy but honest parents. This may seem highly anomalous to many familiar with the methods in vogue now-a-days to attain the qualification, "wealthy." But the records state that his father, Richard Treat, was a man of great wealth and integrity, being possessed of an estate of 900 acres in Glastonbury, Conn. It is further related that he was the financial manager of the little community in which he lived, where he was known as a man of assured wealth and financial standing.

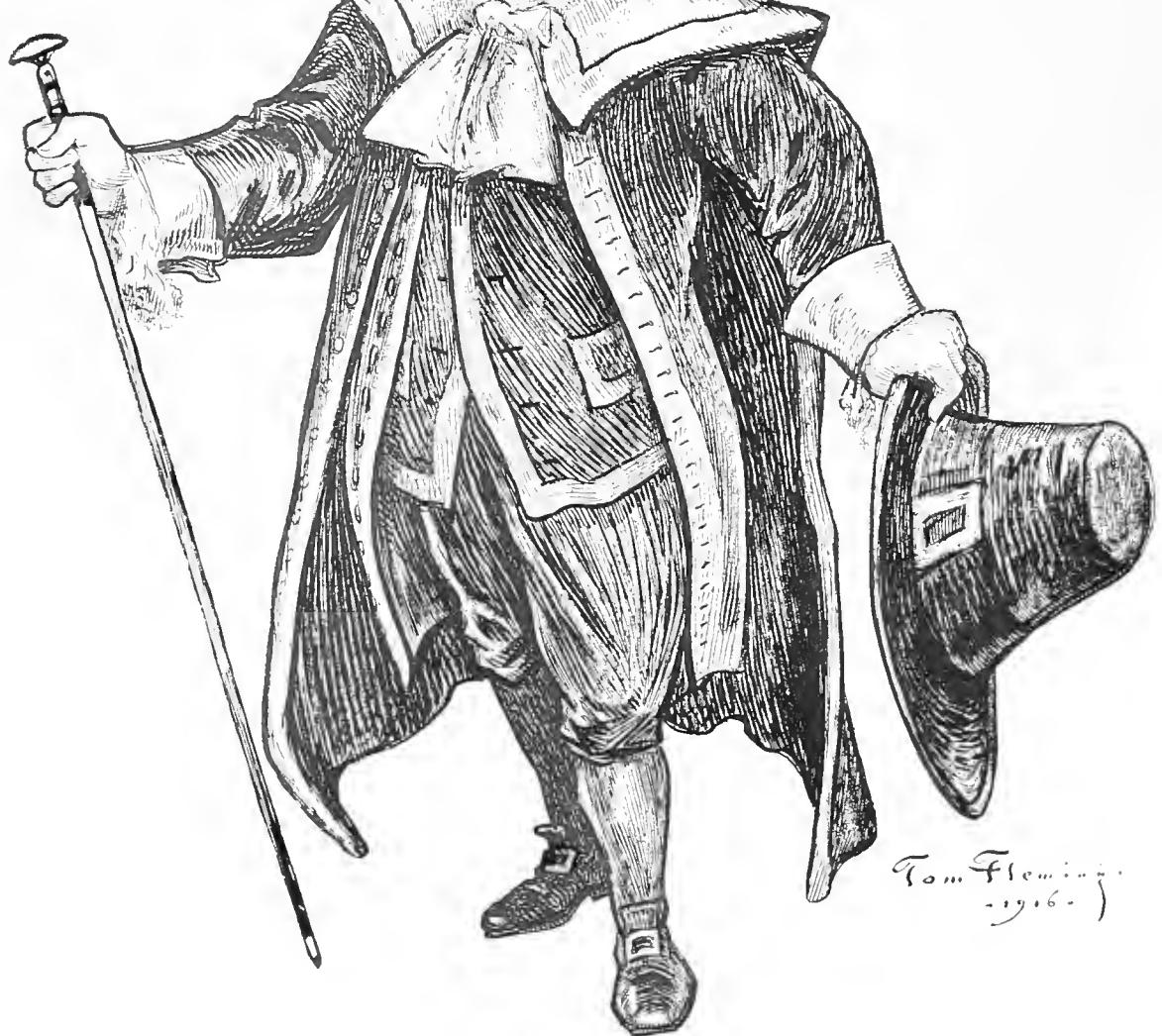
It redounds greatly to Robert's credit that he selected parents so well endowed with wealth, in view of the fact that he was destined to be connected with many enterprises in which a plenitude of lucre was extremely desirable. His





Tom le明  
1916.





Tom Flanagan  
-1916-



highly successful life should serve to teach the very great importance of selecting the proper sort of parents to insure a successful career.

Robert was born in England in 1625. This fact brought no odium with it in the early days before the signing of the famous Declaration of Independence, a period in which Englishmen were tolerably well thought of in many parts of New England.

Robert Treat's mother was Alice Gaillard, of an old French Huguenot family. The influence of this French strain in his ancestry may be traced in his manner of life in early Newark. He avoided the "hot and rebellious liquors" in vogue in the settlement, much preferring the light wines of Southern France to the fiery rum and whiskey of the northland—a moderate man was Robert.

It must be remembered that in his day the drinking of spirituous liquors was well nigh universal. If Robert Treat were living today, he would most probably be a Prohibitionist.



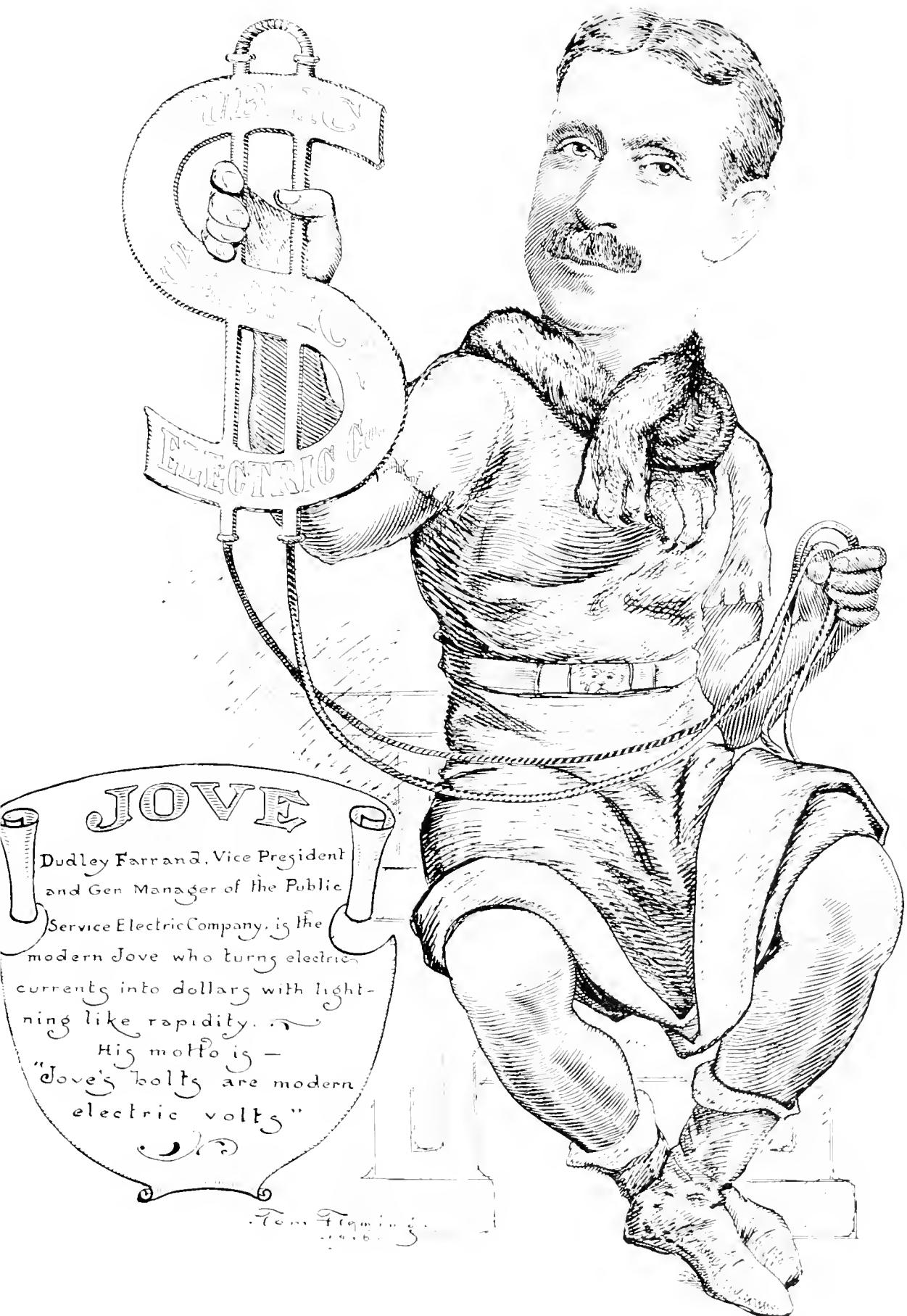


although it must be conceded that his name was a rather inappropriate one for a temperance advocate to bear.

Robert arrived in America when he was twelve years of age and was at once placed with the Rev. Peter Prudden to be tutored for Harvard College. Being a husky young chap, fond of outdoor life, he soon acquired an intimate knowledge of woodcraft, making many journeys in the forest fastnesses of the dense growth of timber which surrounded the settlements of early New England. He acquainted himself with the habits of the Indians and secured information respecting their characteristics that stood him in well in his relations with them in after life. How well he knew them may be inferred from the fact that the purchase of the territory upon which Newark was built only cost a trifle of seven hundred dollars in trade, and the Indians were profoundly grateful for the liberality of the whites.



Robert Treat's early life reads like a chapter from a dime novel. He was the best Indian fighter in New England. He





was the idol of the colonists who called him "The Good Angel."

What the redskins called him has not been recorded, but it was probably quite the reverse in the Indian dialect.

In his Indian campaigns he was intrepid and untiring. He was never caught in the trap of an ambush, the redskins' favorite strategy by which many a party of colonists was annihilated. Many a night, while on expeditions against the red devils, he would camp his little army on the open field with a blanket of snow as a coverlet. It was war to the knife with the savages, who were bent upon exterminating the whites. No quarter was asked or given. Time after time the accounts of battle would wind up with the sanguinary phrase, "The captives were all killed." Goaded to fury by the treacherous savages, there was no mercy shown to the redskins when the whites got them in their power. Squaws, children and old men were burned to death in their wigwams. No yellow-covered novel ever contained a fraction of the actual ferocity of the warfare waged against the





Indians in King Philip's war by the early settlers of New England.

Young Treat was a spartan in his manner of life during his Indian campaigns. No mission was too dangerous and no adventure too hazardous for this dare devil of a soldier. It is related that on one occasion, when caught in a tight corner, he killed six savages in a fight to save his life—"Big Foot Mike, the terror of the Plains," never did better than that.

Although Robert Treat was a sanguinary warrior in the Connecticut wars, he was a notable man of peace in New Jersey. Never once did he find occasion for a war with the Indians in the vicinity of Newark. He knew a trick worth two of that. With true Yankee instinct, he perceived that an Indian trade was greatly better than an Indian raid, and that barter was better than batter.



In 1660, when Charles II came back to the throne of England, he branded as regicides all those who were instru-









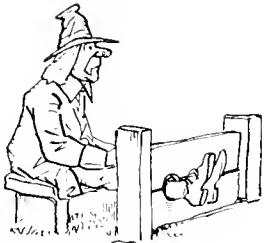




mental in bringing his father to the block. Two of them, Goffe and Whalley, escaped to New England and sought refuge in Connecticut. They were concealed by Michael Tompkins, a prominent Puritan, in New Haven. This, coming to the ears of the king, aroused his anger and resentment and resulted in taking away the independence of New Haven. The leaders of the Connecticut colony were disgruntled at the change and at once looked around for a place to settle where they would be beyond the influence of "the Christless rule," as they termed the new order of affairs. Robert Treat moulded these discontents into a tangible form and led them to the banks of the Passayak, thereby founding the City of Newark.

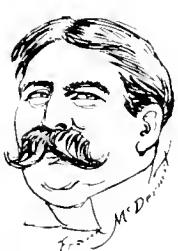
Robert Treat was a many sided man. During the first six years of Newark there was no activity of government in which he was not the most prominent figure. First on the list of signatures to the fundamental agreement was his influential name. He was the head of the commission that





settled the boundary between Newark and Elizabeth. He represented Newark in the First Provincial Assembly of New Jersey. He built the first grist mill in Newark. He was distinctively a man of action. Cromwell was a soldier, but no statesman. Treat was both. He has never been fully honored for the great service he rendered. New Jersey's greatest county should have been named "Treat County" instead of "Essex," of ignoble fame; and Newark's greatest thoroughfare might well be renamed in his honor, even at this late day.

What a great lack of imagination was displayed by these early settlers in their bestowal of names for new localities. The majority of places settled appear to have been labelled "New." As a result, the map shows New Jersey, New York, New England, New Hampshire, New Haven, New Brunswick, New London, and the early name for Newark,—New Worke. Will they remain "New" for all time? Is there no virtue in the maturity of age? What did the Duke of York ever do





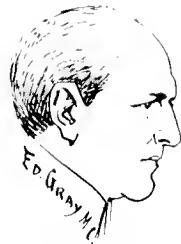
⑨ YE GUARDIAN  
OF YE STRONG-BOX

Richard W. Booth, Treasurer  
of Essex County, is the guardian  
of the County Strong-Box.  
Like the guard of ye olden-  
time, he demands the proper  
password for access to the  
public Treasure-Box. His motto  
is—"Money hath wings—  
cage it."

Tom Flanagan



for the great city on Manhattan Island that his ill-favored name should be forever burdened upon America's great metropolis? And is there any especial reason or rhyme for "New" Jersey? Treatsylvania would be just as euphonious a name as that of a neighboring State—after you got used to it.



## CHAPTER III.

### Newark's First Real Estate Deal

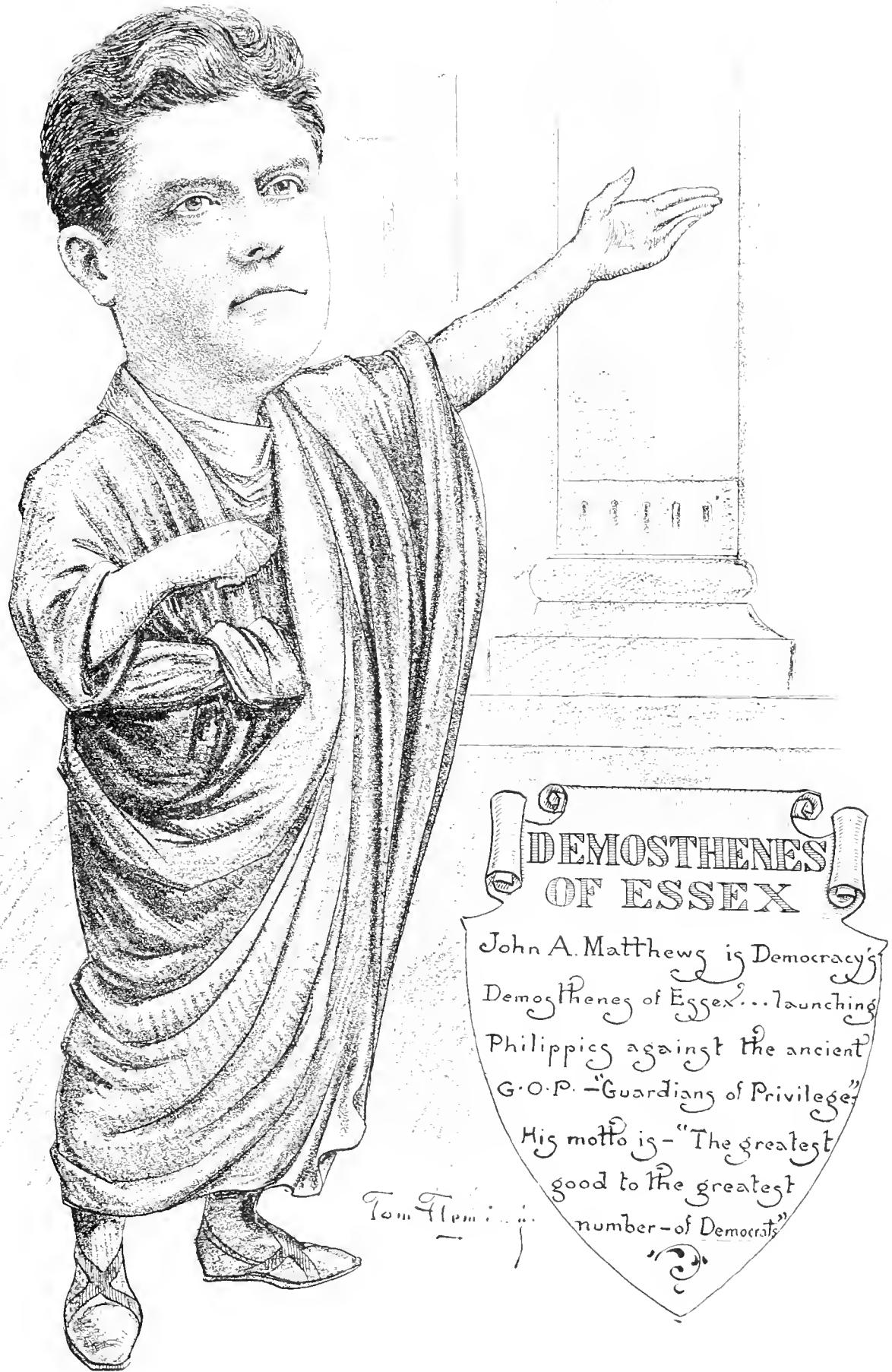


THE bargain driven with the Indians for the site of the new settlement certainly did not detract from the fame and reputation enjoyed by the Yankees as shrewd traders.

On the eleventh day of July, 1667, fourteen months after landing on the banks of the Passaic river, there assembled nearly all the Indians in the vicinity to pow-wow for their land.

With all the pomp and ceremony of which the savages were capable, they proceeded gravely to form a semi-circle seated upon the ground. High in front were piled the sundry articles which were to be given to them in payment for their land. This was to be no ordinary real estate transaction. There were no searches of titles, for the good and sufficient reason that there were no titles to search.















According to the custom of the Puritans, the proceedings opened with prayer, and as the pale faces prayed, the red faces smoked—but kept their eyes fixedly on the big pile of commodities before them.

But the sharp Yankees never allowed prayers to warp their business judgment in real estate transactions with Indians, who being heathens, were of course, beyond the consideration of the deity to whom they prayed for guidance.

With great ceremony, the parchment bill of sale was brought forth, covered with seals and ribbons. This proceeding filled the red men with great awe and wonderment—awe for the great seals and mysterious ribbons, and wonderment at the sinister possibilities of the big roll of parchment skin—another skin-game, perhaps.

Samuel Edsall, after a great flourish of his imposing staff, commanded all to keep strict silence while he read off the provisions recorded in the pretentious document to the Indian interpreter, John Capteen, who in turn informed the natives as to the specified commodities they were to receive in exchange for the land of their ancestors.





The parchment agreement provided that the Indians were to deliver a certain tract of land which included what is now Newark, Belleville, Springfield, Bloomfield, Montclair and all the Oranges.

For this choice lot of real estate they were to receive: Four barrels of "beere," two ankors of rum, fifty double-hands of powder, one hundred bars of lead, ten swords, twenty axes, twenty coats, ten guns, twenty pistols, ten kettles, four blankets, ten pairs of leather breeches, fifty knives, twenty hoes, three troopers' coats and eight hundred fathoms of wampum.

While these items were being enumerated, the Indians exchanged significant glances, especially when the ardent spirits were designated.

It is noteworthy and lamentable that while leather breeches were given to the men, nothing was provided for the squaws. Alas! poor woman!—she has never quite received her due in New Jersey.



Seven hundred dollars is approximately what this vast tract of land cost the Puritans. What it is worth today—

—H—  
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Charles C. Filgrim.

Judge of the Third Criminal Court  
is a progressive pilgrim. His pilgrimage along  
the political highway received a mighty im-  
petus when he leaped from the Speaker's  
chair to the Judicial Bench. His  
motto is — "LOOK UP BEFORE YOU  
LEAP."





well, gentle reader, just try to purchase one of the corners of Broad and Market streets.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the negotiations with the Indians, the names of Obadiah Green, Michael Tompkins, Samuel Kitchell, John Brown, Robert Dennison and sixty-one additional names were signed to the precious document which made them landed proprietors.

These names constituted an assessment list which bound them to abide by a set of laws probably the most drastic ever designed to govern a community. It has been said that a people are as well governed as they deserve to be. It is hard to believe that these early settlers were as unregenerate as their rigorous laws implied—but, perhaps, the saying isn't true.



CHAPTER IV.

The Laws of Early Newark

 MAN'S inhumanity to man has made countless thousands mourn." So sang the poet who philosophized as he versified.

That the laws governing early Newark were strict need not be gainsaid when we consider the temper of the Puritan of this early day.

There is extant a letter written by Cotton Mather to a friend in relation to the arrival of one, W. Penn, a scamp of a Quaker, who had unholy designs upon a tract of land situated along the banks of the Delaware river.

*"To ye aged and beloved Mr. John Higginson: There is now at sea a ship called the Welcome, which has on board an hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is the chief scamp, at the head of them.*



**STOP!**

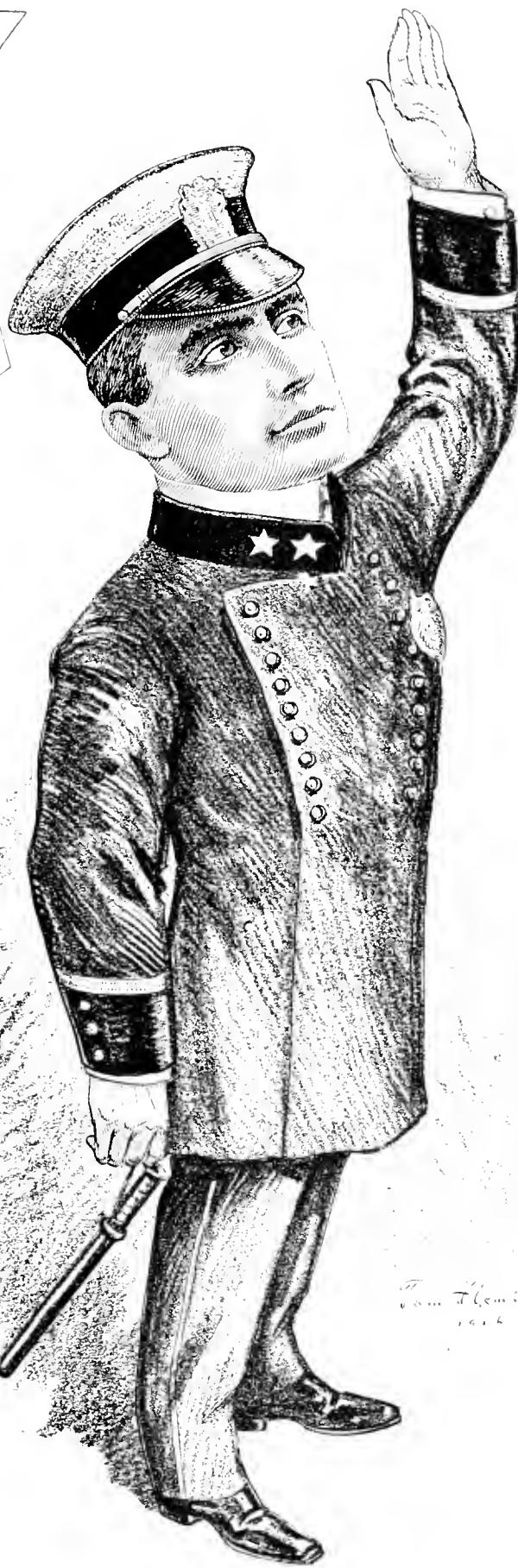
Frederick C Breidenbach.

as President of the Board of  
Police Commissioners believes  
"Newark's police, from the  
plainest Cop, to the Man  
on Top, is epitomized in  
the magic word - "STOP!"

Keep to the right! Come to  
a halt! Obey the Cop

when he orders  
**"STOP!"**

— G



Wm. T. Lemire  
1916

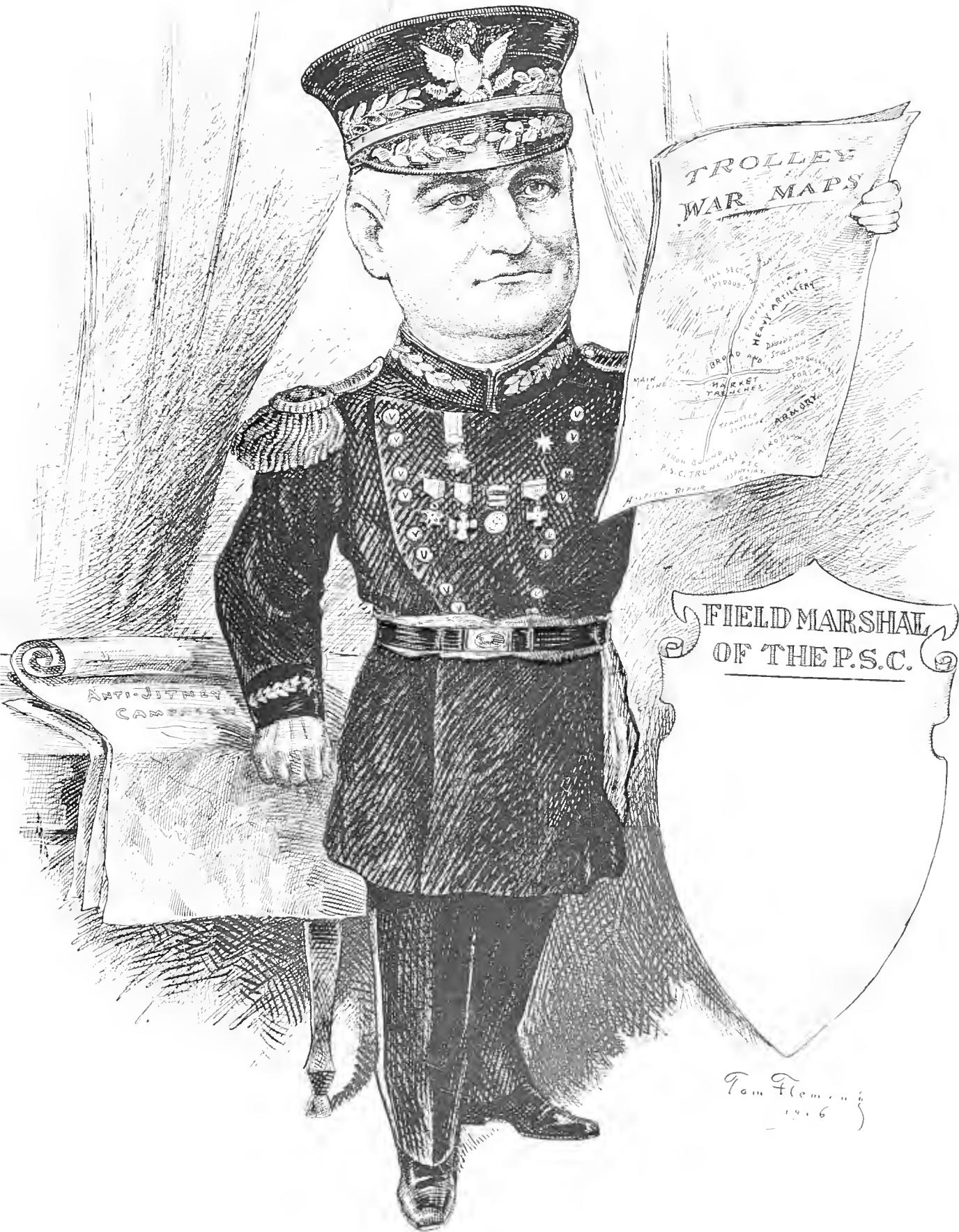


YE MAN OF LAW



Tom Flamingo  
1915







*The general court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huscott, of the brig Porpoise, to waylay the said Welcome, stily, as near the Cape of Cod as may be, and make captive the said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified, and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people.*

*Much spoil can be made by selling the whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but we shall make great good for His minister and people.*

*Master Huscott feels hopeful, and I will set down the news when the ship comes back.*

*Yours in ye bowels of Christ,*

*September ye 15, 1682. COTTON MATHER."*

But the wily W. Penn eluded the blood-thirsty Puritans and escaped an unwilling excursion to the Barbadoes to the great disappointment of the Rev. C. Mather.





Under the guidance of such leaders the waves of intolerance ran high. Let it not be imagined, however, that their solemn narrowness left them devoid of humor and gaiety. There were many light-hearted souls amongst them who enjoyed life notwithstanding their sombre surroundings.

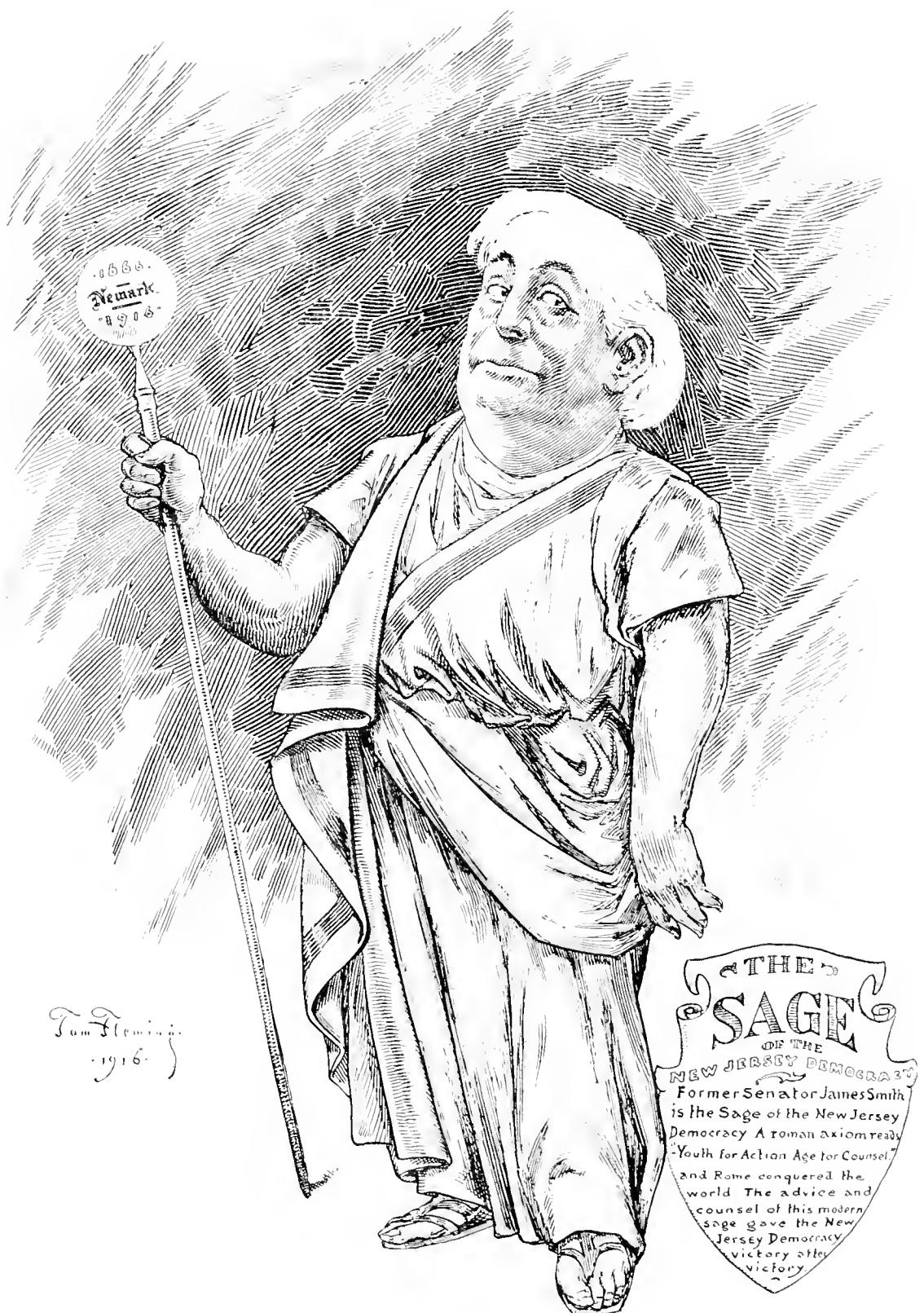
It is related by a chronicler (of whose credibility we have only vague knowledge) that it was a common occurrence to see some old Quaker with his long drab coat and gray hair flying in the wind as he ran at top speed down Mulberry street, closely pursued by a party of zealous Puritans shouting, "Back to Philadelphia, you old heretic!"

The constables never deigned to interfere in these little diversions of the populace as Quakers were considered legitimate game, always in season, and not under the protection of the game laws.

The municipal laws of early Newark (as recorded by the same veracious chronicler) make curious reading.

"Dogs and Indians are not to be allowed to run at large after nightfall."





Tom Flanagan  
1916.



"Whistling frivolous tunes on the Sabbath is a misdemeanor."

"All Indians killed by white men shall be considered as slain in self-defense."

"Any one causing a church deacon to smile on the Sabbath shall be pilloried."

One of the laws was somewhat ambiguous since it decreed that "All painted faces are an abomination in the sight of the Lord." Whether this referred to the fair maidens of the day, or to the degenerate Indians, is not quite clear. If it was meant to interfere with one of the prerogatives of the fair sex, we presume it met with the same fate that similar laws meet with in this twentieth century, and encountered the scorn deserved by man-made laws that attempt to regulate the ways of the better sex. The laws were so fracturable that more than ordinary vigilance was required of the custodians of the peace.

If an over-hasty settler stubbed his toe and in his extremity used more or less explosive language, he broke the





law against turning the air blue (an infraction of a blue law) and was severely punished.

The early laws were strict—very strict—so strict in fact, that it is said they knocked all the humor out of the poor Indians, as no one ever observed a redskin laughing after the pale faces had arrived.





DRAWING THE SWORD  
IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Gen D.F Colling of Elizabeth,  
is a soldierly Democrat, and  
a democratic Soldier. A true  
son of Mary, he is ever ready  
to draw his sword in a good  
cause. His Toast is —  
"Elizabeth town joining with  
Newark in celebrating the  
two hundred and fiftieth  
anniversary of its birth;  
— its Newark's Treat."

Tom Flamingo  
1916.









Tom Flanagan  
7-6  
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## CHAPTER V.

## A Contrast of Puritan and Dutch

 **T**HERE were no Public Libraries in the primitive days of Newark. But this by no means signifies that literature was at a low ebb.

Books they had a-plenty. There were Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymn Books. There were also Hymn Books, Prayer Books and Bibles. In addition they had Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

For a steady, continuous literary diet, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* can be depended upon. It will soothe to slumber the most perturbed spirit. As a sure remedy for insomnia it has no equal in the pharmacopia of literature.

Those uneasy spirits who desired works of a more exciting character found recreation in Cotton Mather's militant sermons; in the virile Discourses of Dr. Dyke and Parson Pearson; and in such books as "The Villanies of Quakerdom Revealed," and "Devils Cast Out."





It is true, Will Shakespeare's Plays were just published and had proved very popular in London, but they recked too much of the theatre to find favor with the Puritans of early Newark.

In these days of yellow journals with pages devoted to baseball scores, and comic pictures done in rag-time art which drive many readers into a chronic state of melancholia, it is a relief to witness the unanimity with which the Bible was read by the simple folk of the seventeenth century.

Everyone read the Bible. It was read as a duty; it was read as a diversion. The wicked wishing to become good, the good wishing to become more righteous, read the good book morning, noon and night.

It was sometimes read as a penance by the unruly who were condemned by their elders to read and re-read chapter after chapter as a corrective just as they were ordered to take blue-mass for a headache. That this state of affairs should lead to Blue Laws was but natural. The laws were blue because the community saw blue.

It mattered nothing to them that they were dubbed "Blue-noses." They took to blue as their national color—hence Jersey blue for the Jersey Blues; and Jersey blue is the



# THE PROBATOR

Fred G. Stickel Jr., Surrogate of Essex Co., is the probator and authority on wills who believes in the scriptural injunction—"Prove all things and hold on to that which is good." It is worthy of note that Surrogate Stickel is the youngest Surrogate Essex Co. ever had.

In the name of God.  
—Amen."

John Smith,

Motto  
of the Surrogate.  
"A stitch in time saves  
nine: A will in time  
saves thine."

Tom Fleming.  
1916





color today for all Jerseymen. But these Round-heads were a good people, an upright people, so upright that in their eagerness to walk upright they actually leaned back, and it is averred that they would have no music played because there were no upright pianos to be had in their day.

However, the reflective mind must perceive that with all their goodness there must have been a dolefully blue atmosphere in a land where it was the custom on holidays to be all dressed up and no place to go—but church.

The world is always young, and youth must be served. The ways of the young people of early Newark were practically the same as those of today. Youths adored, and maidens sighed. Laws might be passed to hold the old folks to a strict observance of the conventions, but never the fractious youth. Regular attendance at divine worship meant to them opportunity to display fine raiment—and to indulge in those caprices of youth so dear to the youthful heart.

The dictates of Cupid were far more mandatory and imperious then than were the fiercest phillippies thundered from the pulpit. Demure maidens, bewitching even in their plain puritanical garb, cast sheep's eyes over the tops of their hymnals at the awkward youths; and at the conclusion of ser-



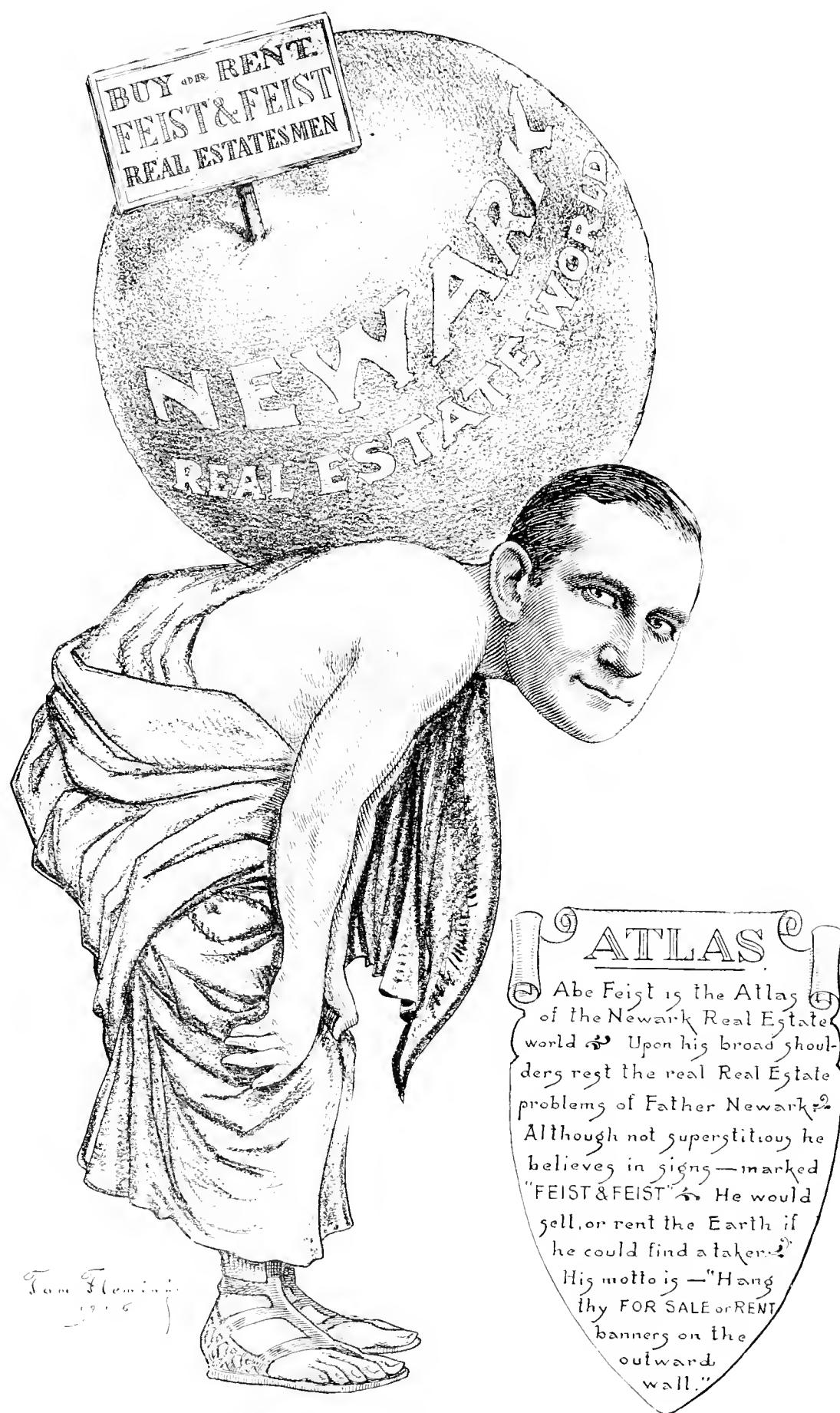


vices, blushingly accepted proffered arms as escorts to their respective homes. In the evening they "daunced" the reel and other homely dances, but never the abominable French "minuet," which was fiercely condemned by the sober Puritans who denounced it in the same unmeasured terms that "Tango" and "Fox Trot" is denounced today, which shows that human nature has not changed very much in two centuries and a half.

It must not be supposed that the Puritans had no sunshine in their lives; that their days were devoted wholly to hard work and hard prayer. Laughter was not entirely tabooed; it was sometimes quite hilarious—around the stocks and pillories where culprits were exposed to the taunts and jibes of those fortunate enough to escape the many snares of the rigorous laws—there laughter was loud and boisterous. But the rigor of the law seemed to be no deterrent to law breaking. It is related that one Jabez Brown had been sentenced to the stocks thirty times in one year for habitual drunkenness until one dark night his body was found floating in the Passaic River—a terrible fate for one who had abhorred water so persistently all his life.



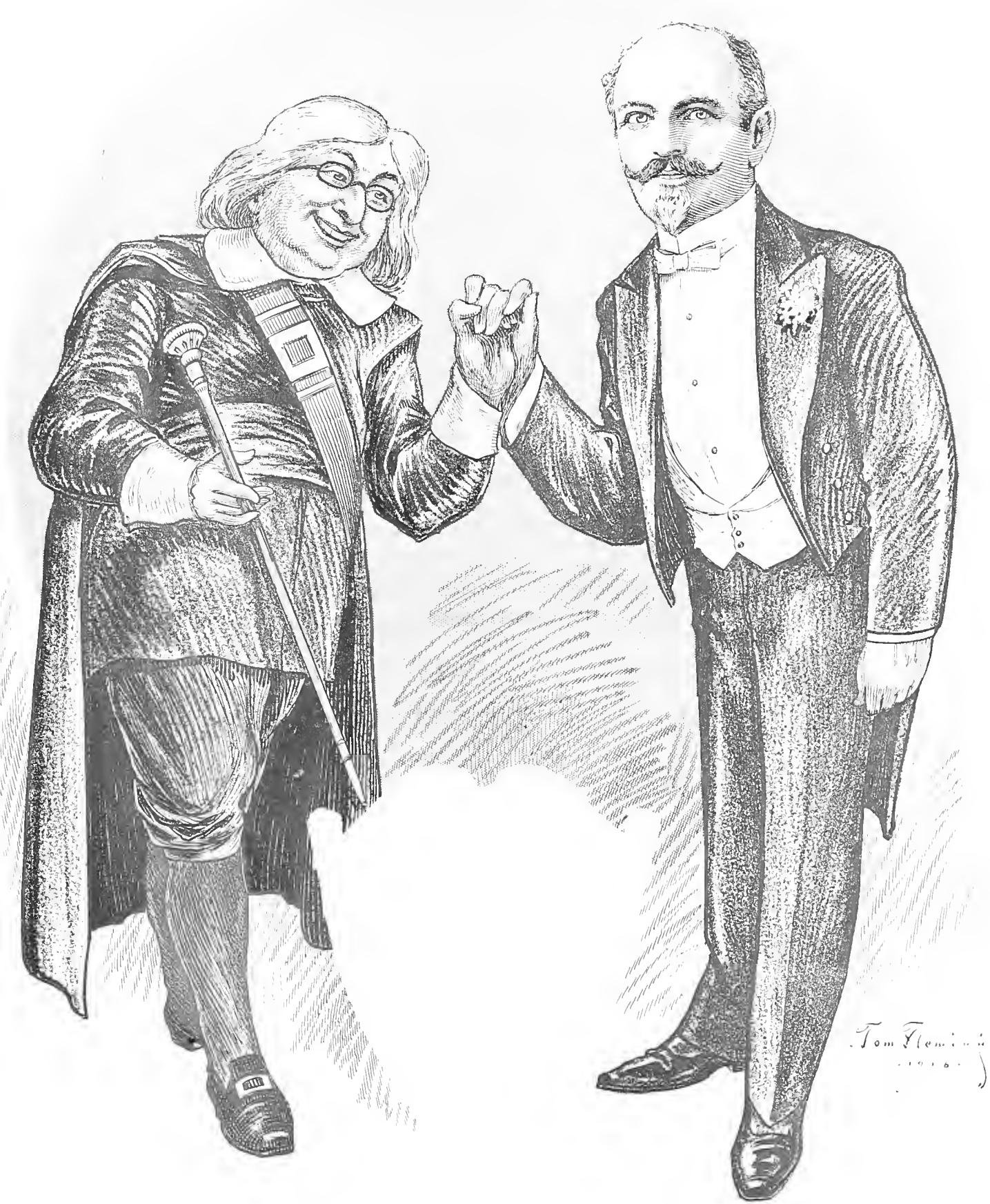
After the Puritans many Dutch settlers from New Amsterdam came. These sturdy burghers were of a wholly dif-



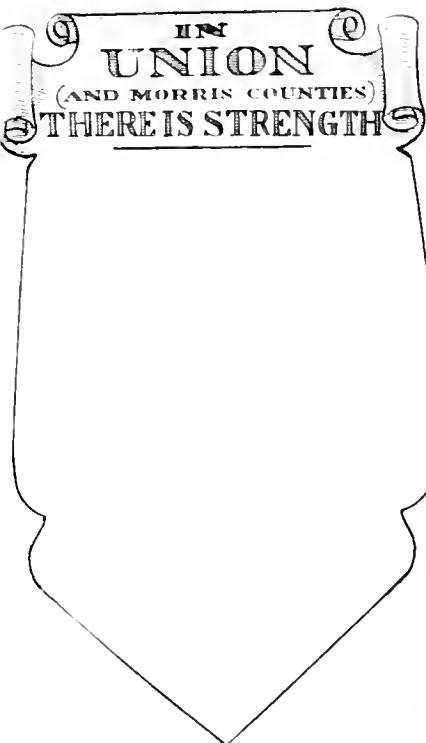
## ATLAS.

Abe Feist is the Atlas of the Newark Real Estate world. Upon his broad shoulders rest the real Real Estate problems of Father Newark. Although not superstitious he believes in signs—marked "FEIST & FEIST". He would sell, or rent the Earth if he could find a taker! His motto is—"Hang thy FOR SALE or RENT banners on the outward wall."











ferent mould from the austere, sedate and prim Round-heads. With stolid mein they smoked their pipes complacently and bothered but little about the matters that concerned the newcomers most. It mattered little to them if their churches were scantily attended so long as their bowling greens were in good condition. A good hot dinner meant more to them on Sabbath day than a hot sermon in a cold church. The Puritan would invoke divine blessing before every transaction; but the Dutchman would smoke his pipe, finish the job, and let it go at that.

It was but natural that people so utterly different in character should clash. A rotund Dutch farmer, who preferred working in his garden on mornings when his neighbors went to divine service, was approached by a selectman and given the option of accompanying him to church or go to jail. The Dutchman, believing discretion the better part of valor, complied with the mandate of the law and listened to a long sermon in a foreign tongue. The next Sabbath day, upon the approach of the deacon with a similar imperative invitation, the Dutchman dropped the hoe he had been using, took out a voluminous handkerchief and as he wiped his perspiring brow, awaited the command—“Church or jail?”





For a minute he ruminated; then he blurted out, "Me go to chail!"

It is easily conceded that the plodding, industrious Dutch were good neighbors and were really a valuable adjunct to the new community however much they differed from the Puritans in Scriptural interpretations, and it is a matter of record that they were on far better terms with the Indians than were the Yanokies or Yankees.

But the natives were untutored savages, not able to discriminate as to where their interests laid. All the world knows the deplorable condition in which these poor, benighted heathens were found. Sadly deficient in the comforts of life and blindly oblivious to the miseries of their condition, they could not appreciate the great benefits laid at their feet. Rum, gin, wine, beer and all the comforts of life were offered them. And it was remarkable how soon they learned to partake of these good things. In vain they were shown the benefits of a new religion, and were told to throw away that of their forefathers; in vain they were importuned to embrace the advantages of the white man's civilization and learn to enjoy its advantages; still they refused to acknowledge the pale faces as their benefactors. It is sad to relate that these stubborn



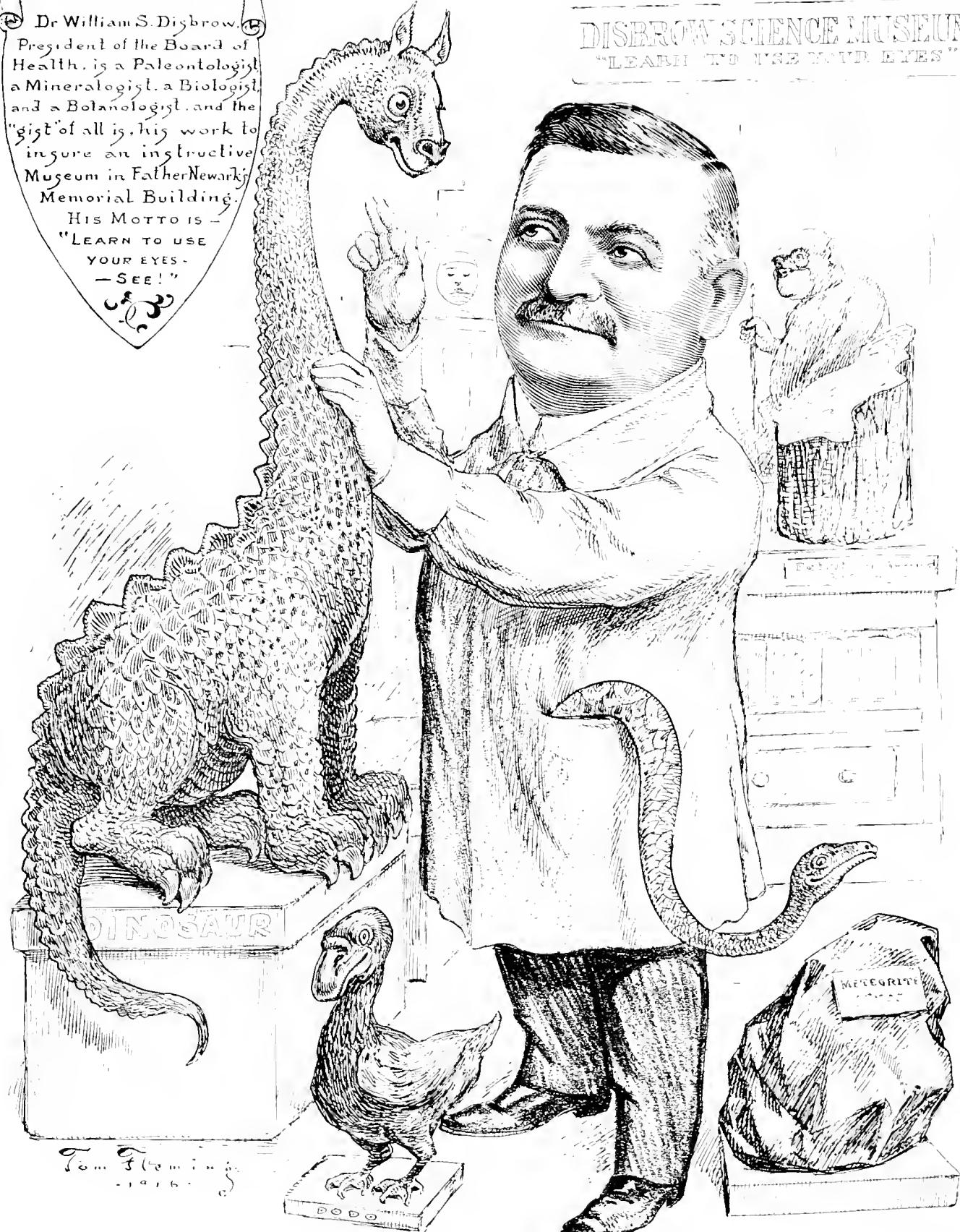
# AN OLOGIST.

Dr William S. Disbrow,  
President of the Board of  
Health, is a Paleontologist,  
a Mineralogist, a Biologist,  
and a Botanologist, and the  
"gist" of all is, his work to  
insure an instructive  
Museum in Father Newark's  
Memorial Building.

His Motto is -  
"LEARN TO USE  
YOUR EYES -  
SEE!"

# DISBROW SCIENCE MUSEUM

"LEARN TO USE YOUR EYES"





savages preferred to grope in the darkness of heathenism and revel in their wretched ignorance of true religion.

It is true, that before the advent of the whites they were sober, honest and trustworthy, and they neither indulged in theft or fraud, nevertheless they were pagans criminally stubborn in their refusal to see the light of the religion preached by the pale faces.

It is difficult to understand the workings of the simple savage's mind. He was asked to give up a pitiful piece of land of no particular value to himself except, perhaps a few traditions relating to his ancestors, and a natural love imbedded in all races regarding the sacred ties of fatherland or motherland, and such bally-rot, in exchange for a glorious heritage in the bright kingdom of heaven. It is small wonder that the Puritans lost patience with such stiff-necked obstinacy.

But the phlegmatic Dutchmen in the settlement had their own way of dealing with these Indians. When a simple son of the forest appeared in town with a lot of furs he would be handed a pipe of tobacco and a mug of schnapps before any attempt to bargain would be thought of. After several exchanges of drinks and other hospitable overtures had been consummated, some reference would be made to vulgar trade,





not until all the arts of hospitality had been exhausted. Then the skins would be heaped up on the floor and after a few more drinks a bargain would be struck.

By this time the simple redman was overflowing in his love for the Dutch pale face and in no condition to take a trade advantage of so generous a buyer. When he awoke the next morning he was given an eye-opener and sent on his way rejoicing in another jag.

This expertness of the Dutch in business methods got on the Puritan's nerves. Getting in dutch was not to their liking, so they resolved to go them one better. The Dutchmen traded for furs—they would trade for land. And so the "New Worke Land and Improvement Companies" were organized to exploit Town Lots laid out on the tract purchased from Chief Oraton.

The turmoil caused by the Dutch occupancy of Newark and its recession to the Proprietors interest was responsible for much ill feeling between the settlers. When the Puritans finally came into undisputed possession, many of the Dutch were taken into the community. It is interesting to note the form of the oath of allegiance imposed. An old document explicitly defines the terms as follows:



JEROME  
TAYLOR  
CONGLETON

Jerome Taylor Congleton  
is the President of the  
Essex County Board of  
Taxation. As County Tax-  
Tailor his specialty  
is fitting Tax suits  
for Father Essex.  
His middle name  
is Taylor.  
His motto is -  
"Don't swear  
at - or off -  
Taxes!"













—“You do sweare upon the Holy Evangelists Contained in this Book to beare true faith and Allegiance to our Soveraine Lord King Charles the Second and his lawful successors, and to be true and faithful to the Lords Proprietors, and their successors and the Government of this Province of New Jersey as long as you shall continue an Inhabitant under the same without any equivocation or Mental Reservation whatsoever so help you God.”

This was the first naturalization oath administered in New Jersey. It will be seen that the “Mental Reservation” clause left no opening for the hyphen.

In the good old days of Newark drinking spirituous liquors was almost universal with both Dutch and Puritan and like most everything else a sanction for it was readily found in the Scriptures.

A well known settler somewhat under the influence of liquor was met on the highway late one night by the dominie and reproved for his condition.

“Hol’ on Parson,” retorted the bibulous one, “doesn’t Timothy say, ‘Take a little wine for thy stomach’s sake?’ ”

“Very true,” quietly replied the preacher, “but he said ‘little.’ ”



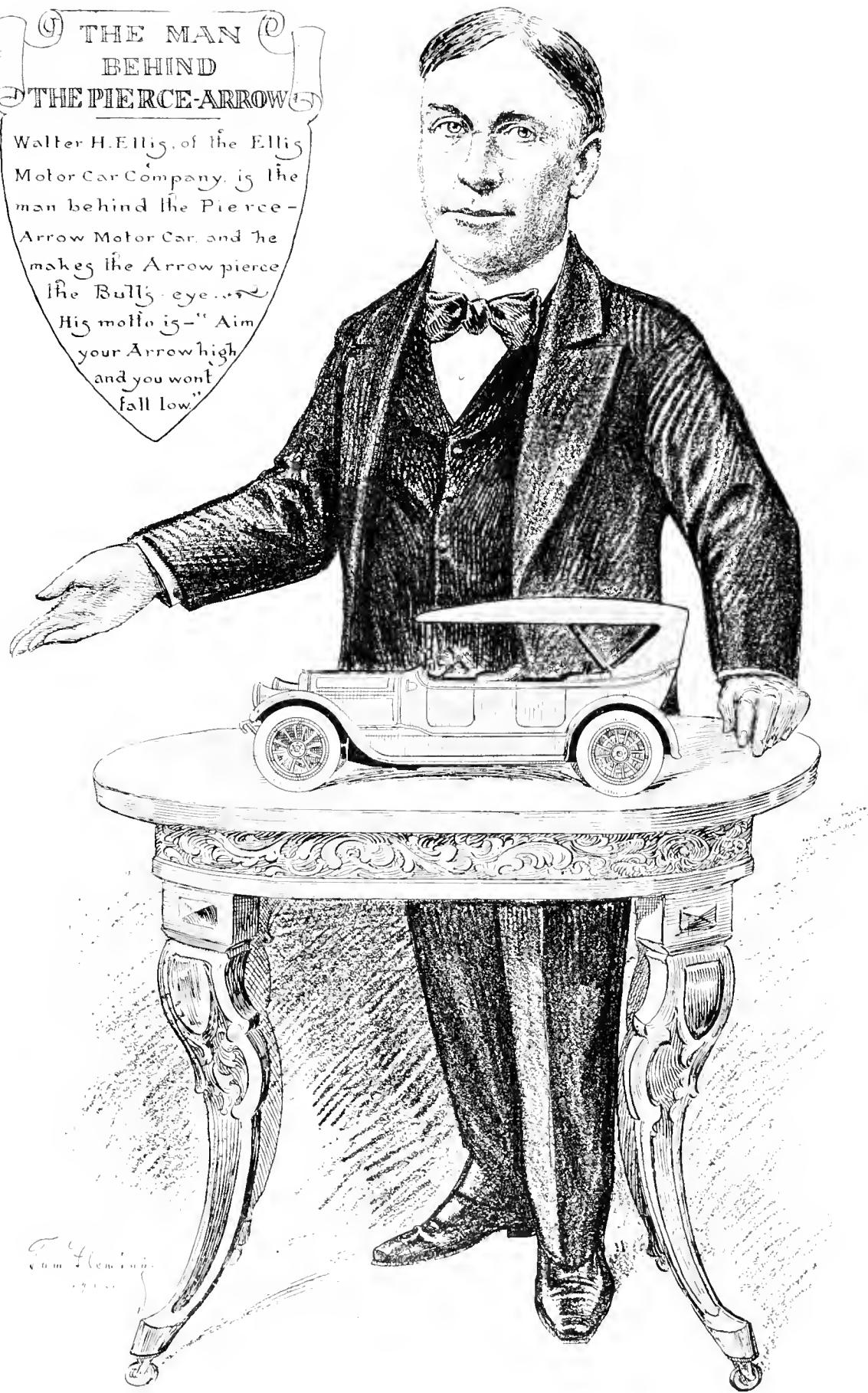


It will be seen that our forefathers were wise men in their treatment of the liquor question in that they decreed that the man that made a beast of himself should be held up as a beast in the public stocks, and should not be let off with a small fine. Thus the punishment fitted the crime—a night with old stock ales or liquors meant the next morning in the public stocks.



# THE MAN BEHIND THE PIERCE-ARROW

Walter H. Ellis, of the Ellis Motor Car Company, is the man behind the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car, and he makes the Arrow pierce the Bull's-eye... His motto is—"Aim your Arrow high and you won't fall low."





## CHAPTER VI.

## Building the Meeting House

 **I**N a Puritan community the church was the central sun around which everything revolved. Almost the first thing considered after Captain Treat had settled his little colony was the erection of a meeting house. First mention of a House of the Lord is found in the chronicles of the meeting held on September 10, 1668. Five men, Lawrence Ward, Richard Harrison, John Harrison, Edward Riggs and Michael Tompkins were made building commissioners to erect a building "Six and twenty foot wide and thirty-four foot long, and ten foot between joints. And the Town hath agreed to Leviee a rate of Thirty Pounds for the building of the same."

This committee later reported that they had bargained with Deacon Ward, Sergeant Richard Harrison and Sergeant Edward Riggs for the sum of seventeen pounds to build the





house of the dimensions agreed upon. And the Town further bargained to have the work well done and also to have the price abated.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the building committee awarded the job to themselves, which is strictly according to the Hoyle of modern high finance—a construction company within the limits of the company proper.

At a Town Meeting held on April 17th, 1669, Brothers Tompkins and Johnson were appointed a committee to see if some of the townsmen could not be induced to "lend them things that they needed within their Compass to carry on the goode worke."

In spite of the fact that there were no Labor Unions to combat, no Amalgamated Nail Makers, no International Workers of Hewn Timber, or no Federated Floor Layers to contend with; and that no Twelve Hour Labor Law had yet been passed, it took longer to build this "Thirty-four by twenty-six foot" Meeting House, than it took to build the Kinney Building a couple hundred years later, for it was not ready for occupancy until the early part of 1670.



But there were vexatious obstacles in those primitive days that we little know of. The Indians, skulking about,

# HIS HOBBY.

Harry Kalisch.

is the City Attorney of Newark.  
His ambition is proficiency in  
Newark law, and to attain  
its mastery he has made a  
Hobby of it. One of his maxims  
is — "You don't have to be  
measured for a law suit."















stole everything they could lay their hands on, if not watched. When an honest worker would secrete a jug of Medford Rum, brought specially from Medford, Connecticut, for the hard working workers, some rascal of a redskin would, in the night, lay hands upon it and in a twinkling, drain it to the bottom. The drinking of hard liquors by hard workers was common in the community, and so entrenched was the custom that no task could be completed without it. Even the farmer in the field would have his little brown jug in a fence corner while he plowed. The thievish savage pagans having no fear of the pale face's Lord in their hearts retarded the good work seriously by their dastardly practices, as the workers on the Meeting House were not prepared to send out a can to the "Dutchman's" around the corner, after the manner of the workers of modern days, for the good and sufficient reason that there was no "Dutchman" running an anti-prohibition joint on Market street two hundred and fifty years ago.

Captain Treat gave his personal attention to the great task of erecting this great house, as it was to serve as a Community House for Town Meetings as well as a House of Worship. He was the walking delegate to whom all disputes over work were referred. His word was law and no one





dared dispute it. He was a man well qualified to pacify the fractious and obstreperous even if it should require force to do so, for be it understood that the Captain was a Pacifist of the first order. It was he who first put "fist" in Pacifist.

Many tales are told of his energetic methods. A sudden storm came up one day while he was engaged in preparing the site of the Meeting House. Being short of hands in the sudden emergency he noticed a number of Indians lounging about. Holding up a gold coin he offered it as a prize to the Indian who could carry the greatest number of timbers to shelter before the coming of the rain. In a few minutes he had the satisfaction of seeing all his material well housed before the breaking of the storm and awarded the prize to a big husky savage who had done the most work, and he also awarded a jug of rum to the rest as a consolation prize.

The method employed in building was curious. The timbers, hand-hewn almost as smooth as modern machinery of today could make them, were laid upon the ground to a carefully measured scale and the entire side of the structure was built in as it lay. Each of the four sides were constructed in this way, care being taken to have the bases placed exactly where they would eventually stand. Then a day was







set apart for a raising in which every able-bodied man in the community took part. In the event of the construction of so great a public building, this was made a great occasion and the day declared a general holiday.

In the early morning all the men assembled to the task. With long ropes and poles, and a mighty concerted effort, the sides of the big building were raised upright and pinned together with stout wooden pins. Then the heavy beams were placed in position and joists attached ready for roof and flooring.

This work consumed the greater part of the morning and when the heavy work was finally completed everybody assembled for the big dinner that had been prepared by the willing hands of the women. For the rest of the day all was merriment and a general holiday air prevailed. Games of all kinds were indulged in—Bowling, Quoits, Running, Wrestling and Jumping, etc., engaged the attention of the majority of the men, while the girls played at the pastimes at which they were familiar, and at others in which they were even more proficient—the seductive games of Dan Cupid.

As tea and coffee was unknown, strong drinks were the custom and as human nature was the same then as now, some of the celebrants became unduly hilarious, so much so



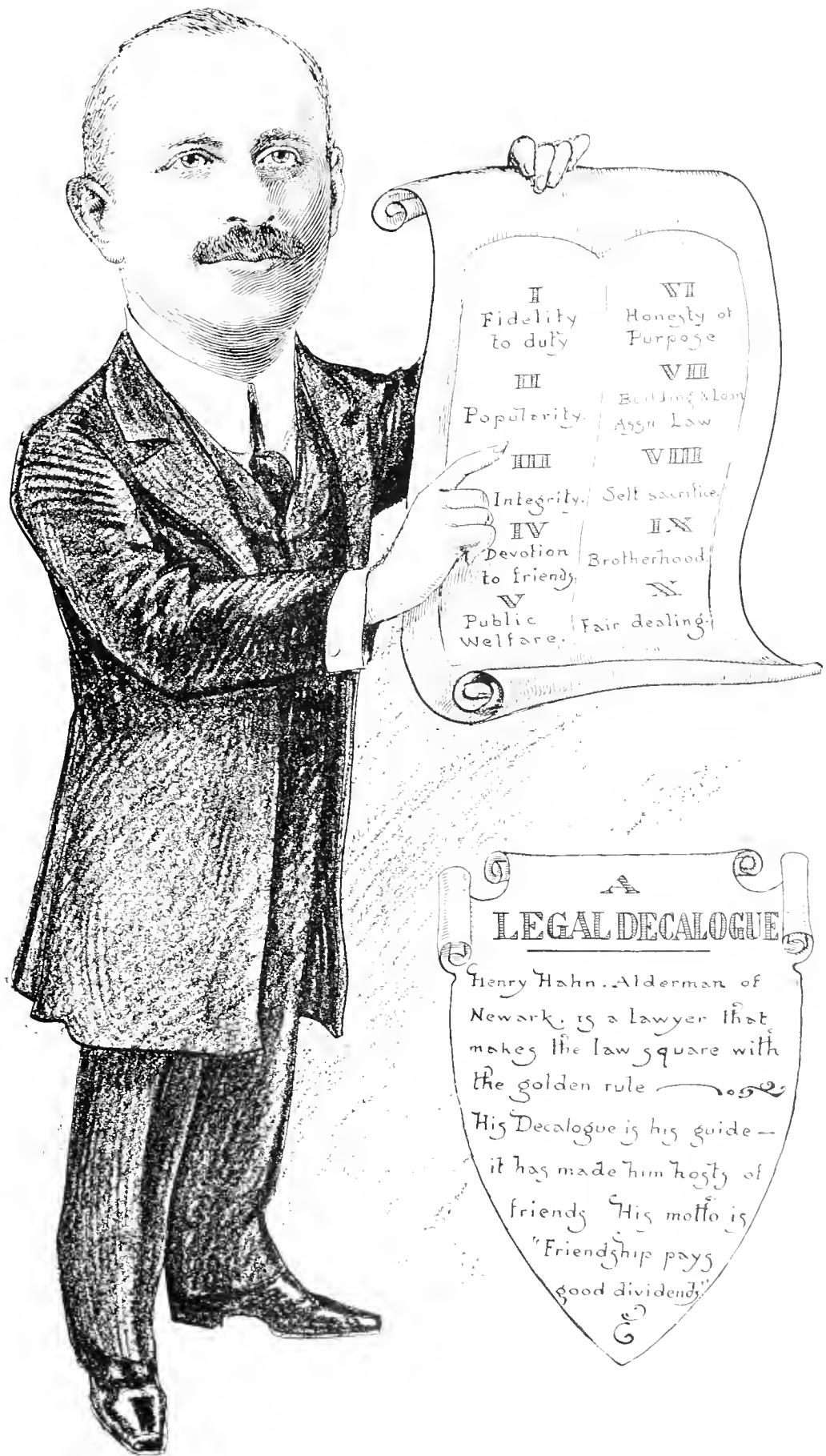
that it was necessary to admonish them that while they came to raise a church they should not consider that a sufficient license to raise the place so frequently mentioned in church.

Around the big Meeting House centered all that was important in the community. Situated on the main thoroughfare (which is now Broad street) to all intents and purposes it was the City Hall, as well as the Spiritual Temple of the little hamlet.

Right opposite was what is now known as Branford place, and directly north was the home of Robert Treat on land now occupied by the Kinney Building. In a diagonal direction, to the northwest was the Town Pump, or watering place, as it was then called. Here it was possible at any time in the day or night to get a drink of water when thirsty.

This was an ancient usage. As it is not the custom to use water as a beverage in these advanced, progressive and enlightened days, there is now no public Town Pump at Broad and Market streets. But the world moves on and fashions and customs change. We marvel at the strange practice of drinking water two hundred and fifty years ago—but why marvel? Some historian, two centuries and a half from now may record with wonderment, tinged with incredulity, the amazing discovery that in the twentieth century people were seen drinking beverages called “Ice Cream Sodas.”







ASCOLIAPILUS M.D.

SANITARIUM CO.  
HEADACHE WARD





ESSEX X<sup>o</sup>  
THE MAYOR OF ESSEX (G.)





On the front of the Meeting House was placed a large bulletin board whereon were posted notices of sermons to be preached, and services to be held within the church, proclamations from the "Authority;" and the latest things in Blue Laws. The populace kept a strict eye on the latter, lest, through some inadvertency they should feel inclined to kiss their wives, for instance, and thereby become guilty of breaking some unforeseen law, as ignorance of a Blue Law was no excuse and carried no immunity in the eyes of the "Authority."

Many strange proclamations were posted on this famous bulletin board. Prohibition was the tenor of most of these edicts. Not the Prohibition, which, in modern times has come to mean the abolition of a particular form of drink, but a prohibition that invaded every form of freedom possessed by the individual.

Quakers were prohibited; Catholics were prohibited; Jews were prohibited; Dutchmen were prohibited; Christmas was prohibited, and music, mirth and art was chilled and subdued with the prohibitory ban.

There being no newspapers published in the town, the bulletin board served the purpose of an official organ. Wedding notices were published, and divorces would have been had they been allowed, but they were prohibited. When a



man's horse, cow or wife ran away it was duly posted and if a reward was offered for the return of the first two, the fact would be duly noted.

A notice that long retained a place on the bulletin board read as follows: "Any vagrant founde beggning would be put in ye stockes." Beggars upon reading this, in their terror of the law, immediately threw off their rags and at once assumed an air of wealth and prosperity. At least we assume this to be the truth, otherwise what could have been the good of such a law.

The bulletin board in time came to be the governing board of the community and a stricter government it would have been difficult to imagine.

Thomas Jefferson foolishly said that "the community that was least governed was best governed." Had he lived a hundred years earlier, and after scanning the multitudinous edicts and ukases posted on this famous board, had gone abroad throughout the highways and byways of old Newark, and had asked the inhabitants if they were well governed, he would have received the stereotyped answer, "*they were!*"—they wouldn't have dared answer otherwise, so well governed were they.





Tom Fleming

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Louis Kamm is the Sir Walter Raleigh  
of Newark's Real Estate Court.  
With all the courtesy of a true  
courtier, he offers fair Newark  
a beautiful bouquet of Amer-  
ican Beauty Roses. His motto  
is—"He who places a  
tenant where none had  
been is the true be-  
nefactor."

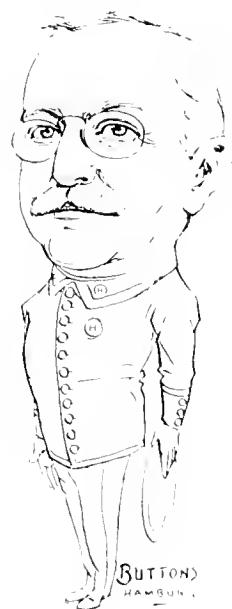


## CHAPTER VII.

## The Puritan Sabbath

 **I**T must be remembered that the Puritan Sabbath observance began on Saturday afternoon and was a continuous performance until Sunday night. These truly good people could not get enough of a good thing, so they preempted the "Saturday night" so dear to the heart of the modern citizen who utilizes it as a special night of hilarity; the night of the theatre, music hall and cafe; the night of drink, of dance and song; the night to make merry for on the morrow comes the Sunday to sleep off the headaches of dissipation.

There were no headaches on the Puritan's Sunday morning. There was no self-recrimination, no immoderate craving for a "brace," and no dark-brown taste in the mouth of the pious Puritan as he arose fresh and clear-eyed on the morning of the bright, cold Sabbath day, and sat himself down to his cold breakfast (cooked on the day before) and,

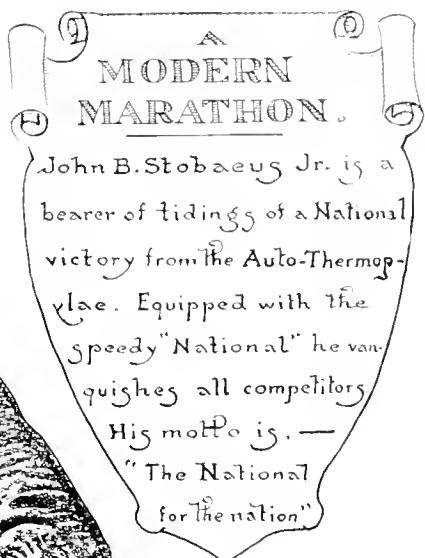


after breaking the ice on the water bucket, regaled himself with copious draughts of clear, sparkling cold water, after which he would put on his great coat and woolen mittens in addition to his usual garb, to clear out sufficient of a path through the deep snow to the roadway. Then with all the dignity of one supremely conscious of superior rectitude he repaired, with wife and family following at a respectful distance in the rear, to the austere Meeting House wherein the thermometer hovered about the zero mark, and where, with nose blue with cold and thoughts equally blue, he awaited the sermon and participated in the services which his conscience decreed his solemn duty.

'The only warm thing about the whole proposition was the sermon in which was described in lurid tones the awful heat that prevailed in that region prepared for those who failed to walk the straight and narrow path.'

But all was not sombre within the purlieus of the little settlement. All the skies were not gray and cold. There was still the bright blue of the sun-lit vault of heaven. There was still the brilliant color in the plumage of the wild birds that sang in the forests; there was still warmth in the bright sunshine. All nature preached a sermon of cheerfulness, of





John B. Stobaeus Jr.  
Auto-Thermoplae  
1905









Tom Clevinger  
1968



beauty and of joyousness that contrasted strongly with the blue pessimism preached in the little Meeting House.

That the Puritans were a God-fearing people and ruled their consciences rigorously; that they likewise ruled the consciences of those under them with equal rigor, is well known. But they meant well. Earnestly they desired to climb the golden stairs, and with equal earnestness they meant to compel everyone else to ascend the gilded rungs, even if 'twere necessary to use old Satan's hot pitchfork to accomplish their beneficent purpose. To further this laudable design they thought it expedient and necessary to take music and poetry out of life. The only musical instrument they countenanced was the hollow, vibrant drum and the only proper book to read, the Bible.

But we must not be too hasty in our judgment of them. They were called round-heads. This was a misnomer. They were a long headed people. Their rigorous life spared them many of the inflictions from which we of the present day suffer. No squeaky phonographs awoke the echoes of their peaceful nights. Rag-time ditties, masquerading as music, were unknown to them, and book-agents importuned them not.

Poetry was voted sinful and poets were promptly pil-



loried. Pictures were declared an invention of the evil one and artists little else than his emissaries. In their estimation it was far better to hang the artist than to hang his nefarious work in their homes.

The celebration of Christmas day was strictly interdicted. Many reasons have been advanced for this singular antipathy to this great holiday. But the reason is obvious. They foresaw that in time the observance of this great Christian holy-day would eventually lead to the great enrichment of the Hebrews who owned and operated great department stores. They were wise in their generation. They were long-heads and not round-heads in any sense.

The Puritan Sabbath was called a day of rest. But this was only in theory. They were so active in watching the Sabbath breakers, keeping track of the backsliders and punishing the slackers that there would be no impropriety in designating it as their busy day. But they meant well, and probably Newark would be a better city today had it a little more of the Puritanical spirit they tried to endow it with.





from Gleasons  
1866



## CHAPTER VIII.

## Personal Characteristics of the Founders

**J**HAT manner of men were these yeomen who came from the land of steady habits; the land that produced wooden hams and nutmegs, to the far off banks of the Passayak to found a great city?

What distinguishing traits were they possessed of that so certainly marked their enterprise for success from the moment of its first inception?

The secret does not lie very deep. They were of the rugged sort that thrives and flourishes under any and all conditions. In our day and generation they would be termed "hustlers"—"Men who made good"—"live wires."

Of Robert Treat, we have ample evidence that he possessed a commanding personality. When we read that he was of robust physique, courageous and resourceful, we only get a scant outline of his character. He easily dominated those about him and brooked no interference with his plans.





Newark owes much to this great man and the debt will not be fully paid until some enduring monument to him shall be erected in the most conspicuous place in the great city he did so much to found.

Napoleon said that a man was only as great as his ability to select able lieutenants. Captain Treat had able men about him. Jasper Crane was one of the most learned men in the community. He knew both Latin and Greek and was well read in the classics. It was he who wrote the parchments that played so important a part in the negotiations of the little colony. It was he who composed the imposing addresses to Governor Carteret and gave that august functionary to understand that all his acts were not in strict conformity with the wishes of the colonists, and which made the Governor wince and squirm.

Matthew Camfield was another man well equipped in book-lore. It is related that he was a splendid penman and the beautifully engrossed Deeds, Agreements and Proclamations were his handiwork. He was well versed in the legal phraseology of his day, and the "Know all Men by these Presents" which prefaced the pretentious documents of early Newark was his special artistic handiwork.

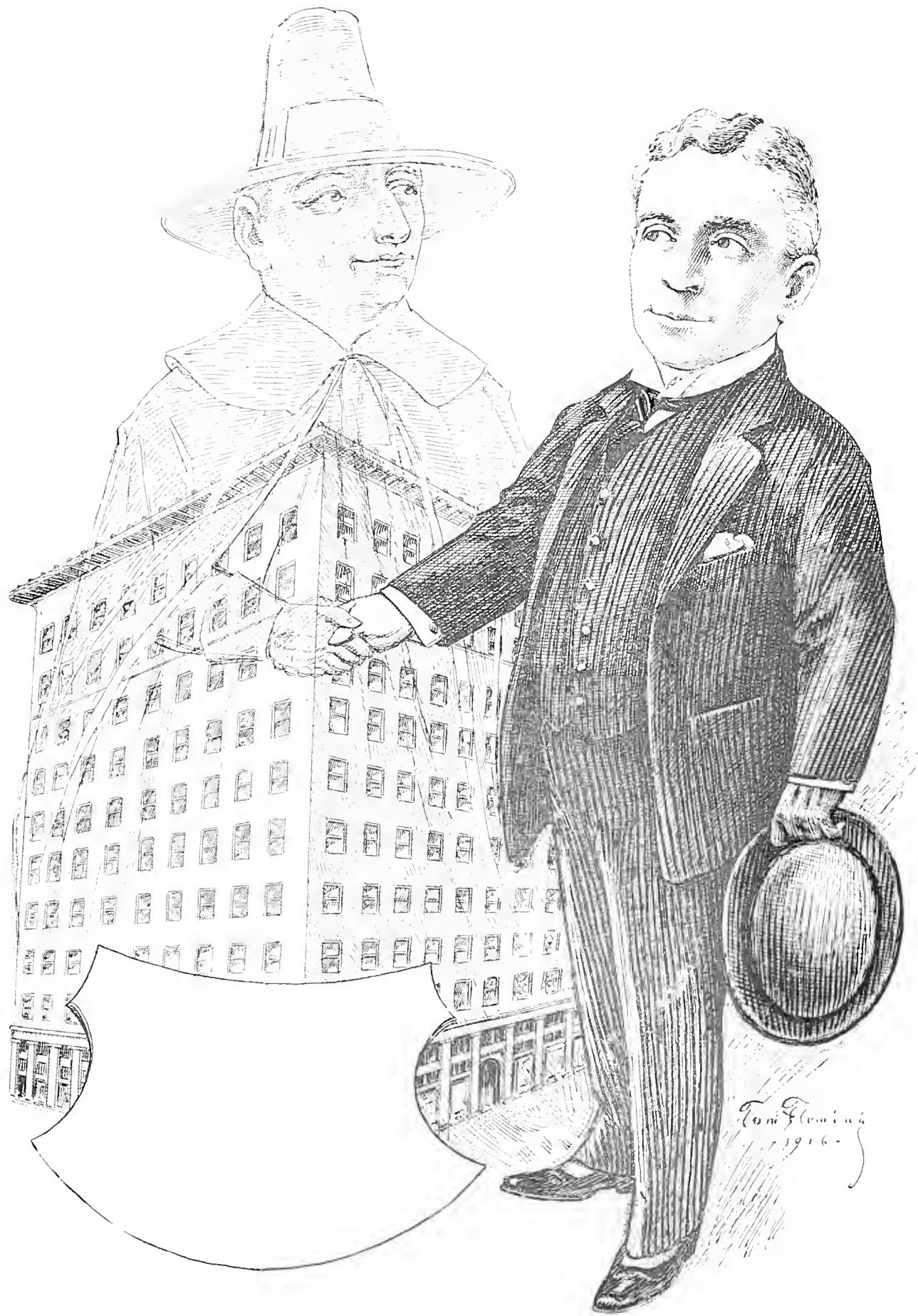








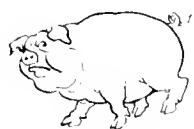






Samuel Swaine and Thomas Johnson were men who appear to have figured prominently in all the negotiations carried on with the Governor, and with the neighboring town of Elizabeth. The former was said to have been highly gifted as an extemporaneous orator.

Michael Tompkins was a very strong character and a dominant figure in all public matters. He came from Milford, Connecticut, and after Captain Treat was the most influential man in the community. It was he who sheltered the regicides Goffe and Whalley, who fled from the wrath of the English people after having passed judgment upon Charles I. The refugees were two of the three Parliamentary Judges who had sentenced the king to death. At first they were hidden in a Connecticut cave near New Haven. Later they were secreted by Tompkins in his home at Milford, where they remained two years. Michael Tompkins was one of the most ardent Puritans in Captain Treat's company and was one of the first signers of the Fundamental Agreement, that great document of over 4,000 words which bound the early settlers together like a band of iron.



CHAPTER IX.

A Retrospective

NE account states that Robert Treat landed his Connecticut party on the banks of the Passaic river at what is now known as Commercial Dock, whereon is located an attractive Beer Garden.



How appropriate that things should be thus can be seen in the fact that it is now the site of the busiest draw bridge on the river—between drawing the bridge and drawing beer it is a very busy place indeed.

Lo, and behold! He planted his foot on the bank, and it became the busiest spot on the river. He planted both feet at Broad and Market streets and the corner becomes one of the busiest in the land. There seems to have been magic in his touch.

If he should return to this mundane sphere and in his peregrinations, wander to the spot where once he landed, and he should gaze into what was once the pellucid stream



Tom Flanagan



of the Passayak, and he should see its turgid waters now surcharged with great suauities of oleaginous matter redolent with odors that came not from arabia, we fancy we could hear him exclaim in his most vehement manner,— “Gadzooks! Why doesn’t the Passaic Valley Sewerage Commission get a move on?”

If the perturbed spirit of the doughty Captain should become possessed of the idea of revisiting the scenes of his former activities let us in fancy follow his footsteps.

We can see him wend his way along Market street to that point where Broad street intersects.

His eyes irresistibly attracted to the large gothic-like structure directly to the northwest, over the entrance to which emblazoned the word “Insurance” in bold relief— “Insurance?” exclaimed he, “wherein is the need of insurance of life or limb? I see no hostile savages about.” And as he stood in mute wonderment, a crowded jitney bus swept around the corner into a crowd of pedestrians which was immediately scattered in all directions.

“Ah, now I can see the necessity of Life and Death Companies. Those demon gas-wagons are a far greater menace to life than were the red devils in my day.”



A farther progress along Market street would bring him to brilliantly lighted Theatre entrances. Motley crowds were entering one designated by bright electric signs as a Moving Picture Theatre. To one born to Puritan ways, pictures were an abomination and no attempt would be made to enter.

A continuance of the journey would bring him to an ornate marble-white building with "Justice" carved in letters of marble above its portals. "Veritably, a Court of Justice is here enshrined. I shall enter and ascertain what manner of justice is meted out in these advanced days." As he entered the Chamber an intonation by the Judge caught his ear—"and it is the decree of the Court that upon payment of the fine the prisoner shall be discharged."

"Mas," he exclaimed, "justice is here administered on a money basis. It used to be the Pillory and Stocks for all alike who broke the law. Now, it doth appear, only those poor in purse are punished for infractions of the ordinances."

The familiar name of Branford place next attracted his steps. Keenly alive to all that transpired as he passed along he marvelled at many improvements, nevertheless, there were many shortcomings in his estimation.





## THE HANDLES THE CHALMERS CAR

George Paddock, of the noted Paddock-Zug Motor Car Company, controls a paddock wherein are displayed the auto-thoroughbreds that bear the name of CHALMERS.

His motto is "CHALMERS is a synonym for PERFORMANCE."



Tom Flannigan  
1916



NEW JERSEY'S  
TOGA









The authorities should not allow a beautiful statue of one of their greatest men treated with the ignominy with which the Lincoln bronze in front of the Court House is subjected to under the false impression that such treatment is indicative of the love of the common people.

"Zounds!" he exclaimed as he witnessed the sight of a lot of dirty urchins climbing over the finely modeled figure, "don't they know that undue familiarity breeds contempt. Will it increase my love and admiration for a man if I am to be permitted to rub his nose bright?"

In high dudgeon he resumed his walk along the street until he came to a low building from which there issued the sound of rumbling machinery. As he stopped to witness the working of the great newspaper printing machine he read the headlines on the paper being reeled off. Large type made the announcement that a great war was in progress in which great misery and untold suffering was the consequence. He bowed his head in deep thought as he commented, "Two hundred and fifty years have not brought the millenium appreciably nearer. I used to dream that war as a means of settling strife between nations would come to an end ere this. The human race is not civilized as yet."



When he reached Broad street, City Hall, a large important-looking building, surmounted by a dome, attracted his attention. "Yonder must be the modern Temple of Worship as I hear the people about referring to the city 'Fathers,' and those people ascending the great steps are apparently the congregation assembling for divine services, although I can hardly say that they altogether comport with my ideas of a religious assemblage." With this he quickened his steps and was soon merged with the throng.

Once within the portals he was irresistibly carried by the crowd into the Council Chamber. A city father was making an impassioned address in the course of which he exclaimed, "Why, sirs, he preaches economy, but I charge him with being a grafter, yes, gentlemen, a grafter."

He was very much mystified at this, as he could not see the impropriety of a Preacher being also a grafter, provided he had an orchard with trees to graft, unless it was forbidden in these days for a clergyman to engage in manual labor, as being unbecoming to the cloth.

After listening for a few minutes to the proceedings he soon came to the conclusion that he had made a grievous error in mistaking the City Council Chamber for a Church.





THE  
**GLADIATOR**  
FROM  
**WEST ESSEX**

Isaac Shoenthal, former  
Mayor of Orange, and Sur-  
rogate of Essex Co., is the  
champion Gladiator from  
Democracy's camp at  
Orange. His motto  
is—"Up, Demo-  
crats, and at  
them!"

Tom Glomberg



As he emerged from the municipal chamber he lost himself in melancholy musings. Carried away by the delusions of fancy and reminiscence, he imagined himself again surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding converse with his contemporaries of antiquity. A weary pilgrim in thy ancient land, doomed to wander neglected through its crowded streets and elbowed by foreign upstarts, from those fair abodes where once he reigned sovereign and supreme. Alas, the growing wealth and importance of beloved Newark, he plainly perceived, involved it in all kinds of disasters and perils. A breaking away from the traditions of the fathers which were thought so firmly planted, was plainly apparent on every hand. The corridors of the great City Hall were ornately beautiful and their polished marbles undoubtedly reflected the most refined taste, but the absence of all evidences of piety so dear to the puritan heart were so painfully lacking as to cause the spirit of the old Founder a pang of sincere regret.

After a tour through the big building; seeing great sums of tax money paid in at one window and as quickly paid out at another, and noting that many of the departments were conducted by men who spent most of their



R. C. Denkison  
At the Books of Newark  
Printer

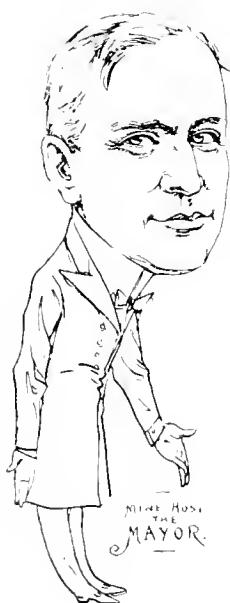
office hours with big black cigars in their mouths and their feet upon their desks, (probably they did most of their thinking with their feet) he essayed a peep into the Mayor's office.

That honorable official he found busily engaged in listening to the appeals of a ward leader for an appointment for one of his henchmen, with half a score more on a similar mission awaiting their turns in the ante-room. "Egad!" he exclaimed as he emerged from the building, "when I was Magistrate of Newark the affairs of the Town were of more importance than the wants of the place-hunters; methinks the modern Mayor is but the chief custodian of the city's loaves and fishes."

As he was about to leave the Mayor's sanctum his attention was attracted by the loud voices of a delegation of men who had called to protest against the closing of the Moving Picture shows on Sundays.

"Do you want to make this a puritanical Town?" vehemently cried one of the protesters.

"Forsooth, and that was what we intended to make it, but it is evident our plans of two hundred and fifty years ago have gone sadly awry," and he meditatively passed out of the building.



Down Broad street he strolled to Market street where he was amazed at the great throngs of people assembled in front of an establishment devoted to the sale of wines and liquors, the proprietor of which was on a second story balcony in front of a huge diagram showing the progress of a great game of Foot Ball. The crowd completely filled the street from curb to curb, and as he marked the score of the game vociferous shouts of applause greeted the result.

The whole proceeding looked very strange to one not familiar with modern ways. The newspaper offices whose business was the purveying of news, displayed no such bulletins. Why was news of such evident interest to the multitude left to the keeper of a tavern whose business was the selling of alcoholic drinks?

In olden times it used to be the fashion to hold meetings at noted taverns, these edifices being thought the true fountains of inspiration. The ancients deliberated on matters when drunk to reconsider them when sober. It is universally conceded that when a man is drunk he sees double, hence he should see twice as well as a sober man. This might account for the multitude seeking a drinking place for favorable news of their favorite athletes. In no other way could he reason



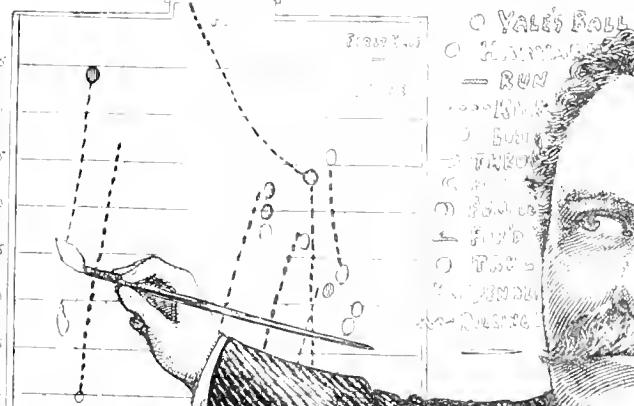
Newark's custom of imbibing the news of the day with their drinks. And the spirit of the man of two hundred and fifty years ago ruminated at the strange sights he saw.

Resuming his tour with eager steps, looking pensively for familiar scenes and localities, he at length reached the great granite building of the world's greatest Insurance Company,

"What a majestic pile!" he exclaimed, "And I'm informed that it was built with dimes, and that it is as strong as Gibraltar's rock." He then turned toward an elevator he saw waiting, just within the corridor, into which he stepped. Up, up he went until the car would go no farther, when he stepped off and sought a way to get out on the tower he had surveyed from the street below. Noticing a narrow stairway he climbed round and round until he came to a little door that led to a narrow gallery outside. As he stepped out a wonderful sight met his vision. On every side stretched vistas of the solidly built city; great factory chimneys loomed up in every direction as far as the eye could reach; busy thoroughfares thronged with people on every errand; beautiful parks; avenues lined with numberless stores, shops and residences; in fact all that constitutes a great city was here



# MICHIGAN FOOTBALL BULLETIN



A MAN OF MARK

Tom Flanagan  
1915







enshrined on the site selected by the little band of pilgrims from Connecticut two hundred and fifty years ago.

As the spirit of Robert Treat contemplated the wonderful scene it pondered long and earnestly on the past and in fancy, turned to visions of the future.

"What have the coming years got in store for Newark and what will another two hundred and fifty years reveal? 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may,' so spoke the great bard of Avon. There is truly a divinity that hath shaped great Newark's end. In another two centuries and a half I see a great metropolis extending from the Atlantic Ocean to Orange Mountains, all encompassed within the confines of an independent state fashioned out of the territories of New York and New Jersey, with its own legislative body to formulate laws commensurate with the requirements of a great metropolis. I see broad subteranean avenues under the great Hudson river, lighted brilliant as day, through which myriads of vehicles will traverse with great speed, annihilating time and distance; all waste sections solidly built up with teeming industries employing thousands of contented workers; laws approaching a standard of excellence not dreamed of in this day; laws

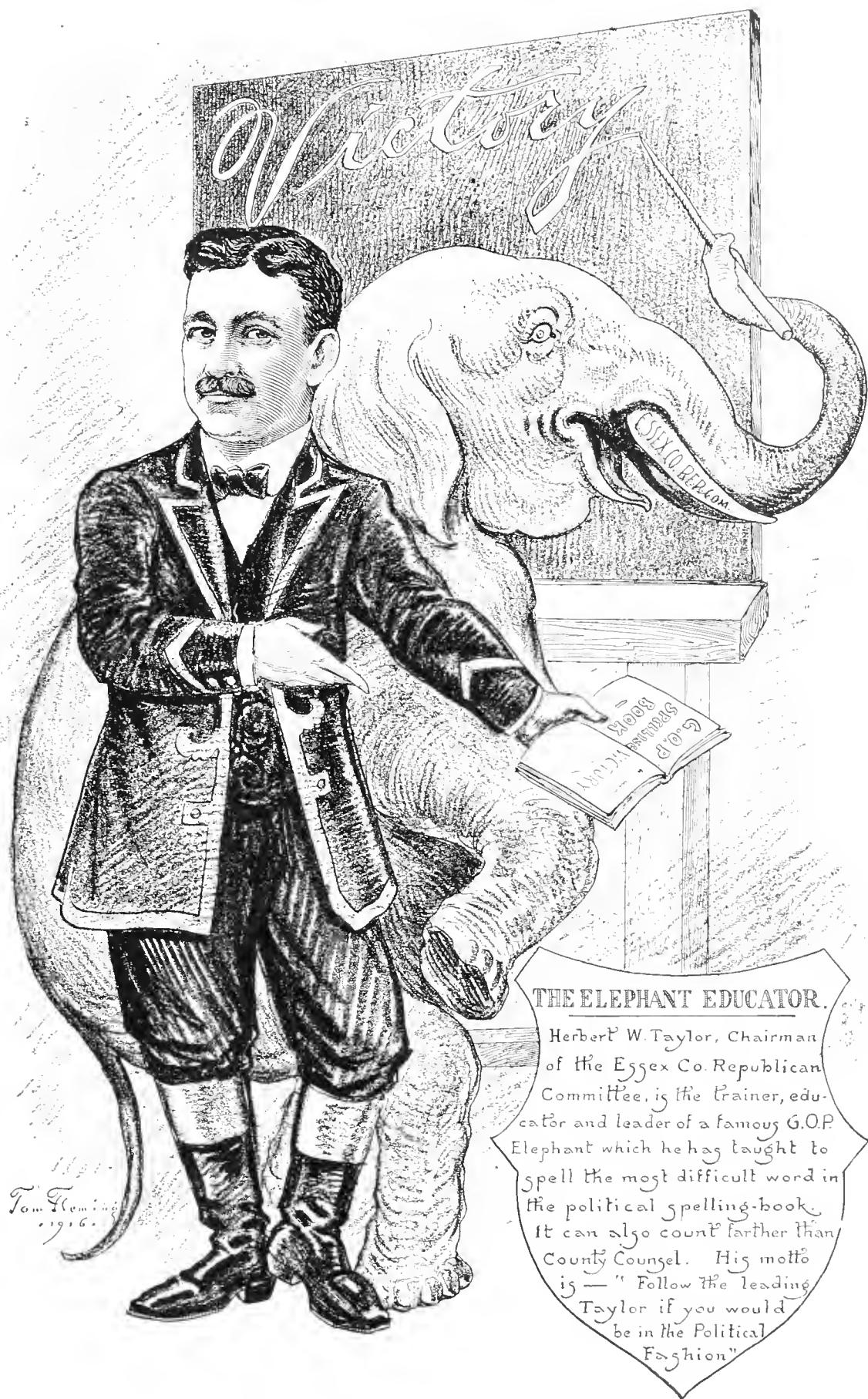


evolved from the crucible of experience and expediency that will reduce man's unhappiness to a minimum. There will be no millionaires for the same reason that there will be no paupers. It will be found that no man can render so great a service to mankind as to warrant so huge a reward that shall make his fellow men his slaves. Wars between nations will be considered just as absurd and criminal as personal conflicts between individuals. War will have ceased because it will have been found that wars are unprofitable.

"The principle laid down by The Great Republic, 'The greatest good to the greatest number,' will be the foundation upon which will rest this greatest city ever built by mortal man."

Thus soliloquized the spirit of Newark's founder as he descended in the swiftly moving car to the street below and vanished into thin air.







## CHAPTER X.

## The First Tavern in Newark



ROM time immemorial water has been found an unsubstantial beverage. The camel can go several days without a drink, but—shouts the man with a thirst—"who would want to be a camel?" The animal nature in man requires some sort of alcoholic stimulant. The man who has no liking for strong drink is very fond of sweets, the sugar of which ferments in his stomach, thus supplying nature with the needed alcohol it craves. The horse, deprived of any opportunity of securing alcohol in his drink, is inordinately fond of sugar. In localities where alcoholic drinks are prohibited, sweet drinks of all kinds command enormous sales. Man is an animal. If you curb his natural propensities in one direction they will break out in another—"Tis the nature of the beast.

The Puritans early recognized the necessity of a tavern in Newark. In 1668, Henry Lyon was empowered by the



council to open a hotel on Broad street on the site where Grace Church now stands. Strangers had been attracted to the town and it was found inconvenient not to have hotel accommodations for them, accordingly he was authorized "to keep an Ordinary for the entertainment of Travelers and Strangers."

Saloons have been called "Cafes" (although coffee never figures on their list of beverages), "Sample Rooms," "Bar-Rooms," and "Buffets," but we have never seen one called an "Ordinary," in all our peregrinations.

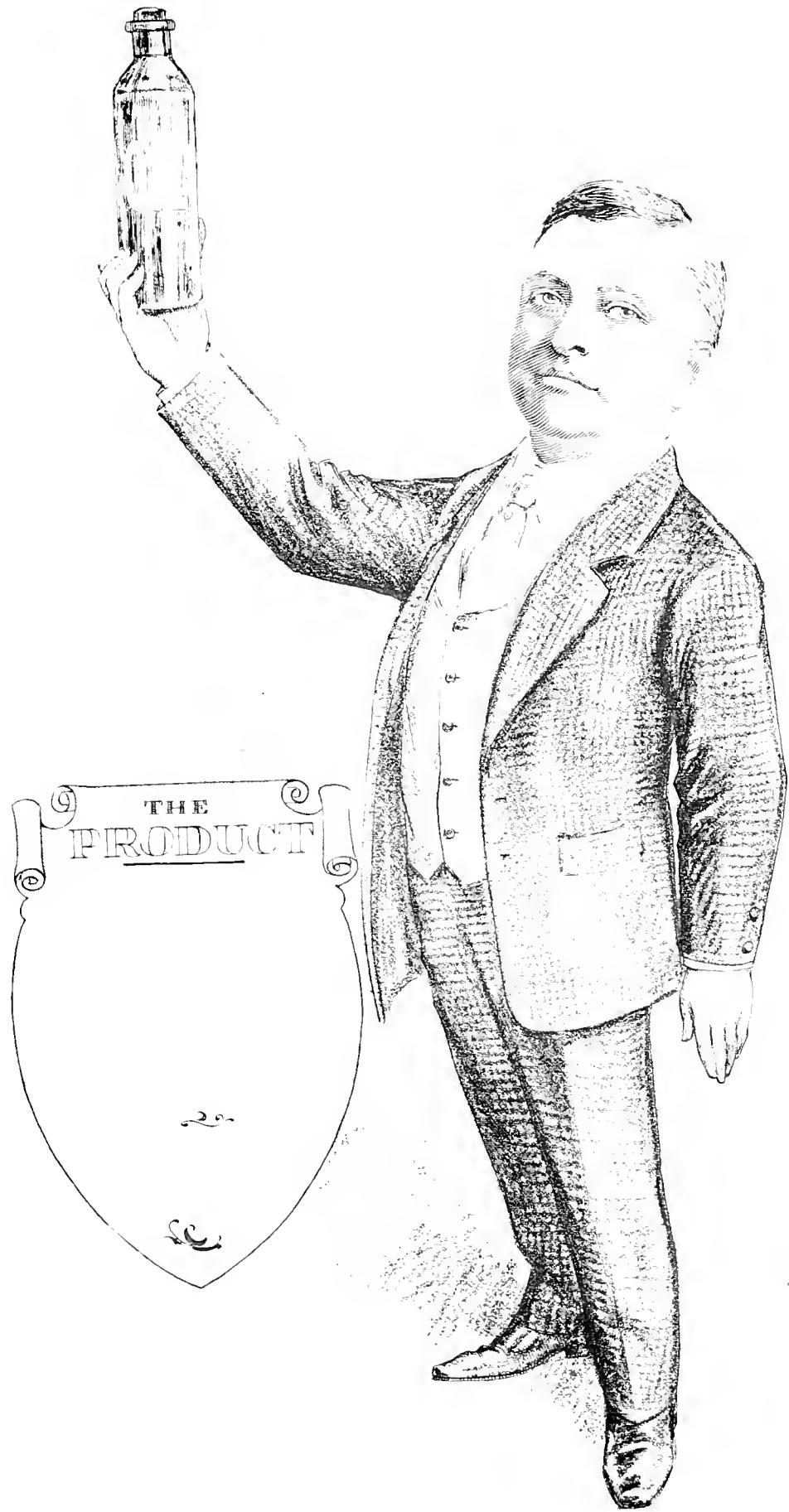
Apparently Lyon's "Ordinary" did not pay, for we find that he sold out to Thomas Johnson in 1670, and moved to Elizabeth. In order to make the business more profitable, Johnson secured an order from the Authority that "All others are Prohibited from selling any Strong Liquors by Retail under a Gallon." This was Newark's first liquor license.

Supposedly the Puritans drank as hard as they prayed, for we find that they drank a barrel of rum at a meeting held at Johnson's Tavern. Like the Salvation Army, which does not believe that all the good music in the world should belong to the devil, the good Puritans did not propose to have all the good liquor forever bound up in barrels.

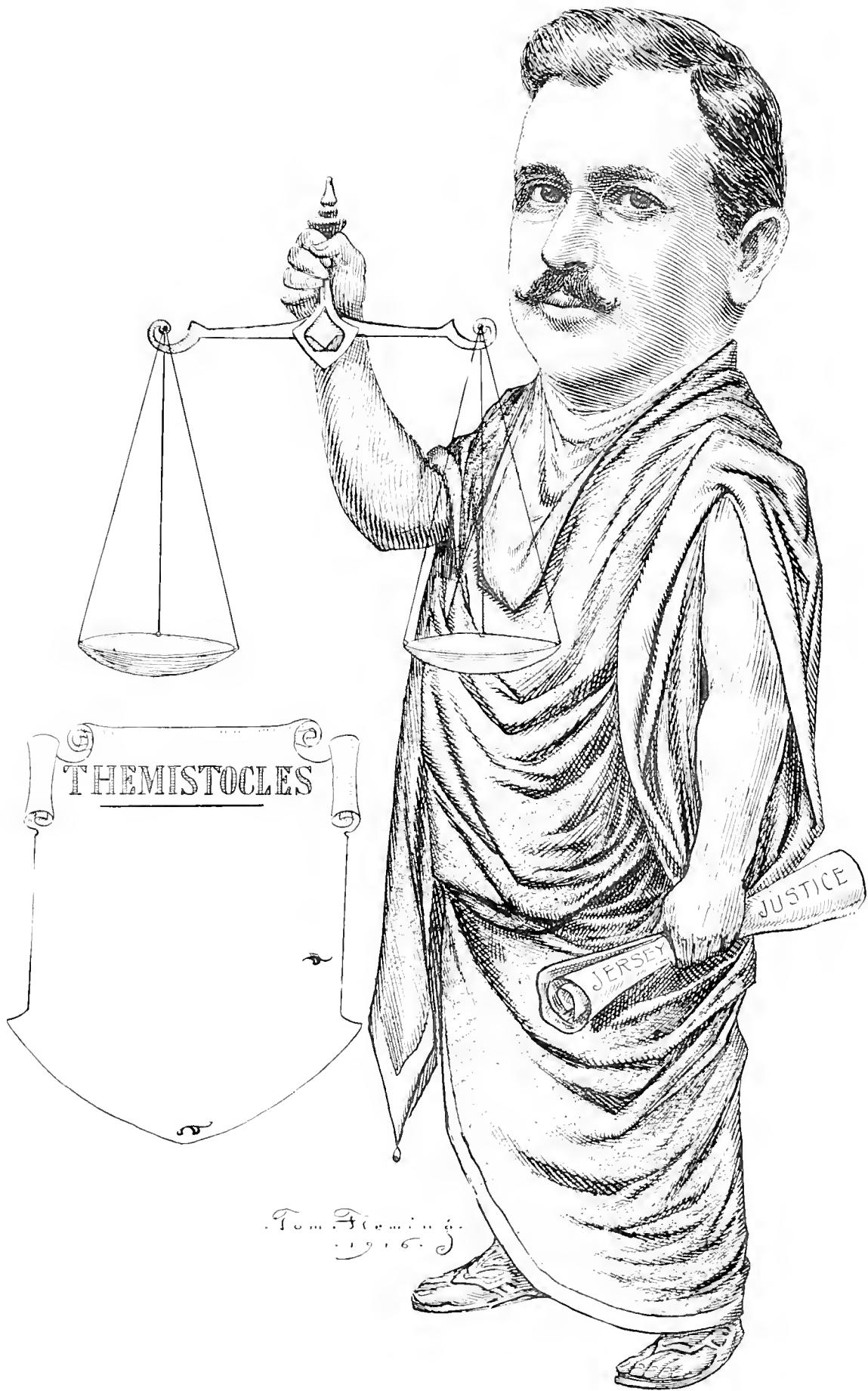














Johnson's tavern was the rallying place for the town. Meetings that could not with propriety be held in the Meeting House were held at the tavern. They were frequently of a boisterous nature, which is not to be marveled at when we consider the kind of liquor they consumed. An old parchment announcement of the tavern reads—Rum from Medford, Gin from Holland, Ale from England, Whiskey from Scotland, Small Beere from Denmark. Water was totally ignored.

There were no mixed drinks, and no soda waters. They were strong men with strong passions and required strong drinks. Men boasted of their drinking prowess. There were "four bottle" men, and "five bottle" men. A man's ability to master the fiery liquids was rated equally with his ability to stand fire in front of the foe.

The bar-room was termed the tap-room, and the bartender a tapster. There was no Sunday liquor law. It was not needed in the early days. Any tavern that would undertake to compete with the Meeting House on Sabbath-day would soon be put out of business.

According to the archives of that day Johnson's place was the most cheerful and sociable resort in the little com-



nunity. His tap-room was a long hall lined with casks on either side, with a large oaken table in the center. At the end farthest from the door was a large open fire-place flanked on either side with high backed benches. Here, on cold winter evenings his customers would sit before a roaring wood-fire smoking long-stem clay pipes. From the center of the room hung suspended a large candleholder, well supplied with candles which gave a fine light to the cosy interior. It has ever been the aim of tavern keepers to make their places cheerful and attractive and this place was no exception to the rule.

Other hostelries followed in quick succession and the little town was soon widely renowned for its hospitality. But a greater fame was destined to follow,—a renown that would be world-wide.

Whoever it was that invented, or first concocted, the famous fluid known as "Jersey lightning" conferred upon his State a reputation that extended far and wide, into every circle of conviviality, and into every clime.

Most extravagant were the praises lavished upon it by its friends and admirers to whom it was known as the "nectar of the gods." Other endearing names, such as "good old



Ye Office of ye  
**REGISTER**

DEEDS, MORTGAGES  
ETC.  
PUT ON YE RECORD

FEES STRICTLY IN  
ADVANCE  
NOTHING PUT ON  
ICE

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"apple-jack," "cider whiskey" and "crab-juice," were bestowed upon it by its devotees and admirers. Its popularity was quite undimmed for many years, but its ultimate doom is sealed because, like the Indian, it cannot be tamed, and soon the day will come when its passing will be mourned and its past glories will be sung over hilarious libations of pungent orange phosphates and sparkling chocolate sodas.



## CHAPTER XI.

## The Office Holders



OFFICE holding is the greatest pursuit in America. Like an incurable disease, once it takes hold it never relinquishes its grip. Men have been known to spend their entire lives running for office—and never landing. A prominent Jerseyman ran for every office on the list from constable to Congressman, and was defeated every time. He finally made up his mind to aim at the highest office within the gift of his state, and was elected United States Senator.

It is asserted by the altruistically inclined that the office should seek the man—but offices are not built that way—which is why we have office-seekers. Offices are like women—if they are to be caught they must be sought. This is one of the principal obstacles to woman suffrage. Suffrage implies office holding. Offices have to be sought and women are not, by nature, seekers. They are the sought.

Thomas Johnson was the first tax collector of Newark,



and Henry Lyon the first treasurer. John Ward was named as Surveyor of highways—200 years after, his lineal descendant, Marens L. Ward, was elected Governor of New Jersey—Ward—Politics. Seem to go together.

The first members of the General Assembly were selected in the early part of 1668. The burgesses chosen to represent the town were Mr. Treat and Mr. Crane, so the record reads. The title of "Mr." was not indiscriminately used in the olden time, and was a distinction given only to a few, like the "Hon." of today.

The first General Assembly of the people's representatives of New Jersey was convened at Elizabeth Town on May 26, 1668. Representatives were present from Newark, Bergen, Elizabeth Town, Woodbridge, Piscataway and Middletown. Governor Carteret presided. The bluest of blue-laws were enacted at this meeting. The laws passed were of the severest character and in perfect conformity with the ideas of the day. That the devil was in full possession of the evil-doer, and the imposition of the most drastic punishment the only way to expel him, was the firm belief of the early settler. The devil was exceedingly industrious and preyed upon them continuously—which constituted, in their minds a perfectly



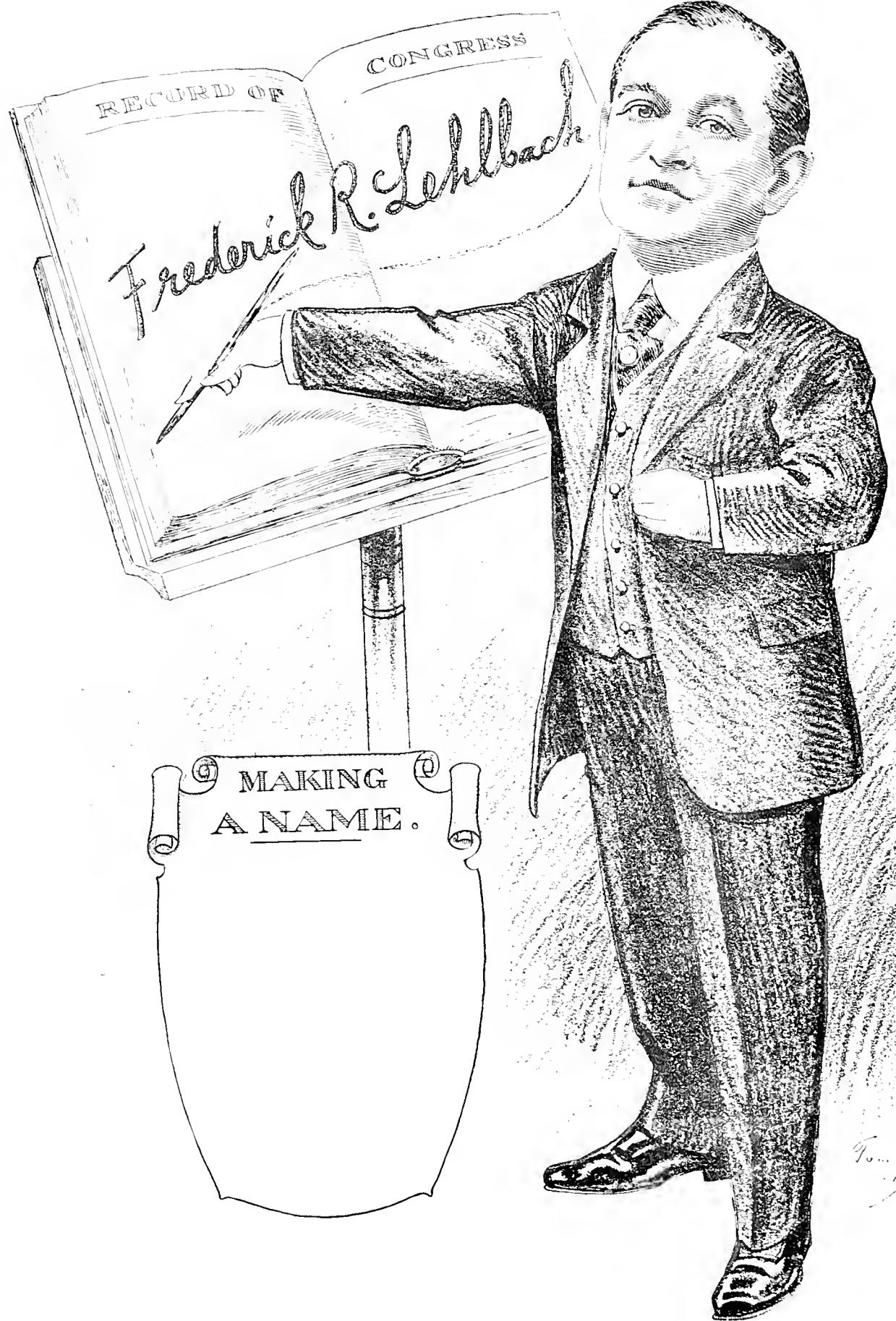
valid reason for continuous praying. Some of the laws enacted at this Assembly make curious reading in the light of today. The devil-possessed burglar was condemned to be burned on the hand for the first offense. On the second offending he was burned on the forehead. For the third offense he was put to death. This usually settled the devil in him for good. A divorce law was passed which decreed that the devil possessed divorced one should be banished. This was hardly fair to their neighbors as it entailed the banishment of a devil as well.

Holding office in this Assembly was no joke as it carried a penalty of 40 shillings a day for non-attendance at the sessions. Small wonder they passed such drastic, contumacious laws.

Captain Robert Treat appears to have been the champion office holder in the town. He was Chief Magistrate, Town Clerk, Assemblyman, Official Corn Grinder and Chief Vestryman in the church. If he lived today he would be called the "Boss." It is true, the salaries were quite low, not to say meagre, but "Bosses" as a rule, don't depend much on salaries for emolument.

Stephen Bond, who had been a magistrate at East Hamp-







THE  
JUDGE.





ton, Long Island, was chosen Common Brander for horses and Recorder for all neat cattle. This office was considered most important as it was the only fee office in town. It is related that he was very exacting in the matter of fees, insisting upon their immediate payment when due. The fact that a public office was a public trust did not necessarily imply that the legal fees of his office were subject to trust.

Some of the offices created to suit the conditions that prevailed in early Newark would be apt to excite the risibilities of the populace of today. For instance Joseph Walters was appointed a "Censor of Morals and Reverence."

At a town meeting held in November 29th, 1680 it was "Agreed by vote that a Man should be chosen to look after and see that the Boys and Youth do carry themselves reverently in time of publick Worship on the Lord's Day, and other Days and Times of Worship. And if any grown Persons shall carry themselves irreverently, he is to make complaint to the Authority and present their Names; and his Word shall be accounted Evidence against him or them offending, whether the offense be committed within or without the House."

Officer Walters was over six feet tall and well propor-



tioned and he is said to have been a stern, unyielding Censor. Church attendance was compulsory regardless of weather conditions. As it was considered an unpardonable sin to have, "living coals of fire in the House of the Lord," the women and children were forced to sit through a service of an hour and a half's duration in a wintry temperature; and in addition, were admonished by a six-foot Censor for any slight inattention to the long droned-out sermon delivered by the over-zealous preacher. It must be conceded that early Newark's Sabbath day was a somewhat doleful proposition.





### THE IDEAL

Alfred G. Nowakoski, the  
Assistant City Attorney, has  
an ideal in his noble com-  
patriot, Kościuszko.

An ancient Polish adage  
has been his motto —  
"An ideal to the am-  
bitious is like a com-  
pass to the mar-  
iner."



## CHAPTER XII.

**Newark is Captured by the Dutch**

On the morning of August 4th, 1673, the town drummer paraded the streets of Newark and proclaimed to all the people that "We are all Dutchmen now!"

News traveled very slowly in the seventeenth century. A year before war had been declared against Holland by England and France, and a squadron of five Dutch vessels had swooped down upon Manhattan Island and had captured the fort known as New Orange and took possession of all outlying territory, including Newark. Eighteen vessels of England had been captured by the Dutch on the route to America and consternation reigned in the English settlements.

Formal possession was taken of New York and New Jersey on July 30th, 1673, and universal panic reigned. Crops were abandoned in the fields, live stock was allowed to wander and all property was in danger of confiscation. War was on and dismay seized everyone.

A large white flag was raised on a great pole so conspicuously placed that its intent could not be mistaken by the conquerors, and the Puritans of Newark placed themselves at the mercy of the victorious Dutch.

A public meeting was called to discuss the situation and to allay the fears of the timid, Jasper Crane mounted the platform.

In mind, poor Jasper was sorely perplexed. What was his nationality? Was he a Dutchman or an Englishman? His good wife consoled him with the thought that rather than have all his property confiscated he had better be a Dutchman, so with great vehemence he exhorted his hearers to be submissive to their Dutch conquerors. Accordingly, overtures were made to the Dutch Council of War, and in accordance to their mandates three magistrates were voted for, and on September 1st, 1673, Schepen Crane, Schepen Bond and Schepen Ward were installed as Magistrates—Dutch style.

But great sorrow was in store for the Puritans. They were commanded with all the unction of their phlegmatic masters to swear allegiance to Dutch authority. This was a bitter pill but they had to swallow it. The assembly at





Tom Fleming.  
1916.

## •THE CUP BEARER•

Christian Feigenpan is fair Newark's Cup-Bearer, who bears aloft gifts fit for the Gods. Ganymede never brought nectar to Jupiter better than P.O.N., which signifies "Purest of Nectar." A right noble gift is the "Colleoni" from her admirer and servitor in the "Federal Trust."



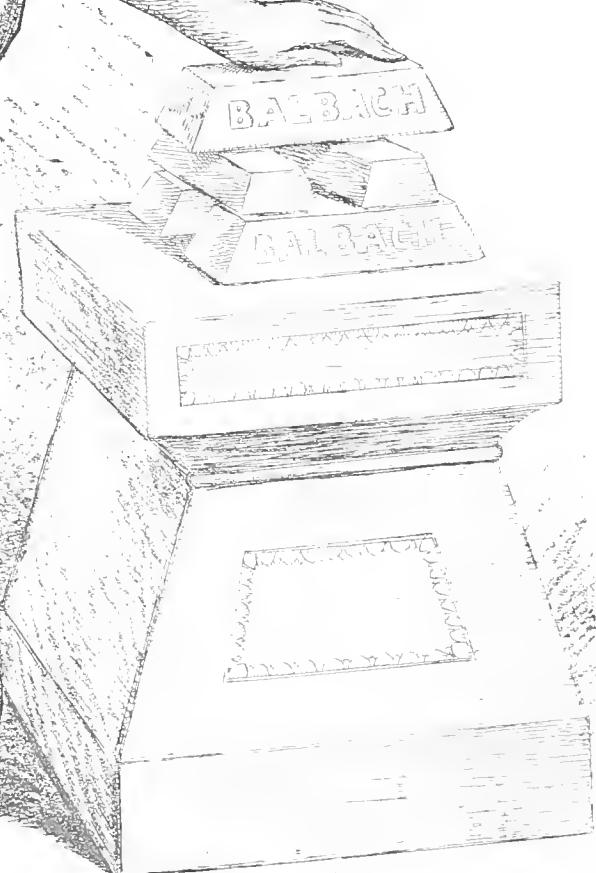
RICHARD III.

"MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!"





MIDAS  
OF  
NEWARK



Tom Flanagan  
9-6-93



the Meeting House on September 6, 1673, was a gruesome affair. Only seventy-five answered roll call. Eleven were missing. They had sudden calls away and no one ventured to answer their names. But they were all marked, like sheep for slaughter. There was no escape. They would have to take the oath or suffer banishment. The new Dutch masters were implacable.

With solemn emphasis the words of the oath of allegiance were uttered. Soon every Puritan was a full fledged Dutchman, made so by kissing the ponderous Dutch Bible. Fortunately they were unable to read it which spared them great humiliation. To be compelled to read the scriptures in Dutch would have been an unparalleled calamity and it is doubtful if many would have survived it.

The religion of the Church of England was superseded by the Reformed Church to be maintained in conformity to the Synod of Dodrecht without permitting any other sects to attempt anything contrary thereto. The haughty Dutch commissioners also decreed that the Sheriff should preside over all the town meetings.

The poor Puritans were sorely pressed. Having, for a long time, enjoyed a monopoly of the suppressing business



they now found themselves the suppressed. How could a self-respecting Puritan, brought up to read an English Bible, morning, noon and night, worship the Lord in the abominable Dutch language? The very thought was atrocious to the well-ordered, conscientious, rigorous-righteous Roundhead.

But there is an end to all things, on February 9th, 1694, Peace was declared. English ways and manners were restored, and the world once more took on an agreeable aspect to the jubilant Puritans. The Dutch Bibles were thrown into the Passaic river and divine worship was conducted in the only Simon-pure manner compatible with true English ideals. The truly good Puritans were once again "In ye bowels of Christ."







## CHAPTER XIII.

## Newark's Dutch Gold-Brick



**P**ROBABLY the greatest game in the world is real estate speculation. Like a rat-trap, it is very easy to enter but almost impossible to get out and like a quicksand, the more you flounder the deeper you get. You can buy a suit of clothes without paying a lawyer to search the records as to the previous ownership of the cloth, or the possibility of an unsatisfied lien of the builder, or tailor, or the existence of a judgment against the owner of the tailor shop wherein the suit was built. But you cannot buy a piece of real estate without first having every crevice examined, and every square inch of its surface gone over carefully with a legal fine-tooth comb to ascertain whether it is clean-titled enough to invest money in.

The real estate game has ever been a game of trickery. Selling land under water first gave rise to the term, "land-shark." Something akin to this was what the slow, phlegmatic Dutch did to the alert minded Puritan when they sold them the meadow tract lying between the Passaic and Hackensack rivers.



This tract of land had been bought from the Hackensack Indians in 1668.

For twenty pounds sterling per annum forever in lieu of the half-penny per acre, William Sandford purchased all the meadows and upland lying south of a line drawn from the Passaic to the Hackensack, seven miles north. This comprised 13,000 acres. This was the deal so far as the town was concerned. The Indians were given 170 fathoms of wampum, 19 coats, 16 guns, 60 double hands of powder, 10 pairs of breeches, 60 knives, 67 bars of lead, 11 blankets, 30 axes, 20 hoes, 1 barrel of brandy and 3 barrels of beer.

William Sandford found that he had a little more land than he needed and bargained with Nathaniel Kingsland from the Barbadoes, for two-thirds of his holdings. When the war with Holland broke out, Kingsland got "cold feet" and abandoned his property. This land was known as the Neck ---which is where he got it.

When the Dutch took possession of the government, they immediately confiscated Sandford and Kingsland's tract. The shrewd Puritans who had taken the Dutch oath of allegiance at once entered into negotiations with the Dutchmen for the purchase of this confiscated land. Governor Anthony Colve



was low in finances and readily sold them all the land they desired. A committee, consisting of John Ward, John Turner and John Catlin, was appointed to wait upon the Governor with the view of making the purchase. After much parleying, in which several pipes of tobacco were smoked, and sundry libations of strong liquor indulged in, a bargain was struck in which the property was bought for three hundred pounds sterling. This was a low-down Dutch trick, as the Governor most probably knew that his stay would be short and he hesitated not to take advantage of the guileless Connecticut Yankees, although some historians are so unscrupulous as to assert that the Yankees over-reached themselves in their eagerness to secure a good bargain. But the Dutch Governor had good reasons for selling expeditiously, as he had no particular use for the land during his short stay, and furthermore,—he needed the money.

When the war between England and Holland was ended there was a great saddening of hearts among the settlers who had bargained so hastily with the Dutch. Ugly visions of returning English rule loomed before them and meant that they had very slim titles for the land they had bought from the Dutch. Consternation reigned when they realized that



they would have to restore their property to the English title-holders and that their investments were irretrievably lost.

Their first move was to call a public meeting at which it was resolved to arrest Nicholas Bayard, who had conducted the negotiations on the part of the Dutch.

"Why not lay hands on Nick Bayard," exclaimed an excited Puritan. "He took our money and promised a deed for the land. Now both have been taken from us." The Newark Puritans were much aroused and loud calls were made for the pillory for "one who has been guilty of a most wicked and awful dealing."

A demand for a return of their money was made to Bayard but not a farthing was forthcoming. Nick was evidently a high financier in his day.

Bayard was finally arrested and brought before the angry Puritans for a hearing. He promised profusely to refund the money paid him as secretary to the Dutch Governor, but this is as far as he ever got. He lived too soon. Such financial talent was wasted in his day. Two hundred and fifty years later he would most probably have figured as a multi-millionaire in the realms of modern finance. Alas! he lived too soon.



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## YOUNG NEWARK

Addison B. Poland, Superintendent of Newark's Public Schools.

is Young Newark's Teacher. Teacher

Addy's ambition is to add to his sum

of knowledge His motto is -

"True preparedness consists

in teaching the young

idea how to

shoot"





# GULLIVER





## CHAPTER XIV.

## The Corn War

THE two things unavoidable on this mundane sphere are Death and Taxes—so it is said. None escapes the former, but of the latter—that is open to argument. The tax-gatherer has the eye of a hawk but the tax-dodger has the cunning of a fox, who hides in a hole and pulls the hole in after him, so to speak.

The first tax levied on Newark was at the rate of one half-penny per acre. This rate was in pursuance of an agreement made with Governor Philip Carteret.

When the Duke of York received the grant of territory extending from the Connecticut river to the Delaware river he was ignorant of the true value of this fine stretch of country. Otherwise Sir George Carteret and John Lord Berkley would not have succeeded in purchasing it for the insignificant sum of ten shillings and an annual rent of one peppercorn.



When Philip Carteret, a relative of Sir George, was installed as Governor of New Jersey, he set up an aristocratic government at Elizabeth Town surrounded by a large retinue of servants. Aristocratic governments require revenue. Hence it was but natural that his eye should rest upon the fertile fields of the Puritan settlers as a fine source of income.

Hardly had the planters got ready to reap their first harvest when they were informed that a tax at the rate of one half-penny per acre was about due. Totally unlike the people of the present day, who never object to the imposition of any tax whatever from high priced gasoline to extortionate railway fares, the sturdy Puritans objected.

"Has the Governor paid one penny to the Indians for the lands occupied by the settlers?" they asked.

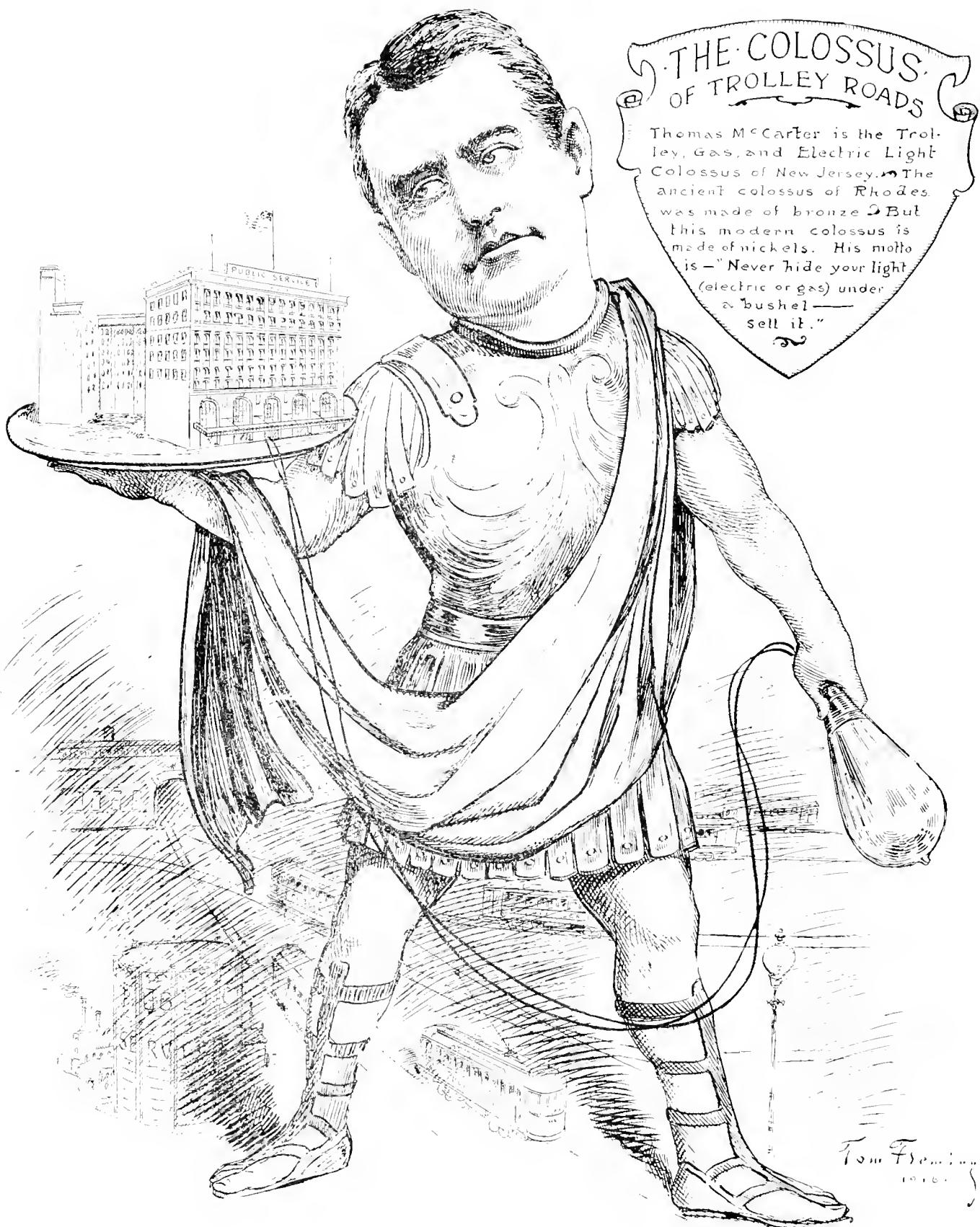
"Not a farthing," replied Captain Treat.

"Then why does he demand quit-rent?"

"Because he needs the money," retorted the Governor's messenger in fine scorn.

But when the grain to pay the tax demanded, which filled two ox-carts, was delivered at the door of the august potentate in Elizabeth town, he arrogantly refused to acknowl-







edge the corn as full and sufficient payment—he preferred coin.

This aroused their anger, and great was the outcry at the greed of this haughty magnate—who so much resembled the predatory trust magnates of today.

Back to Newark they journeyed with their cargo of corn and wheat, firmly resolved that they would see the greedy Governor in Halifax, Nova Scotia, or some other distant place, before they would pay their taxes in English coin.

A second time the effort to pay their taxes in grain was attempted. On New Year's day, March 25th, 1671, (old style) Henry Lyon and Thomas Johnson, as representatives of the Newark settlers, proceeded to Elizabeth Town with two ox-carts loaded with wheat and corn sufficient to pay the taxes due to the King's government. But again the Governor was obdurate.

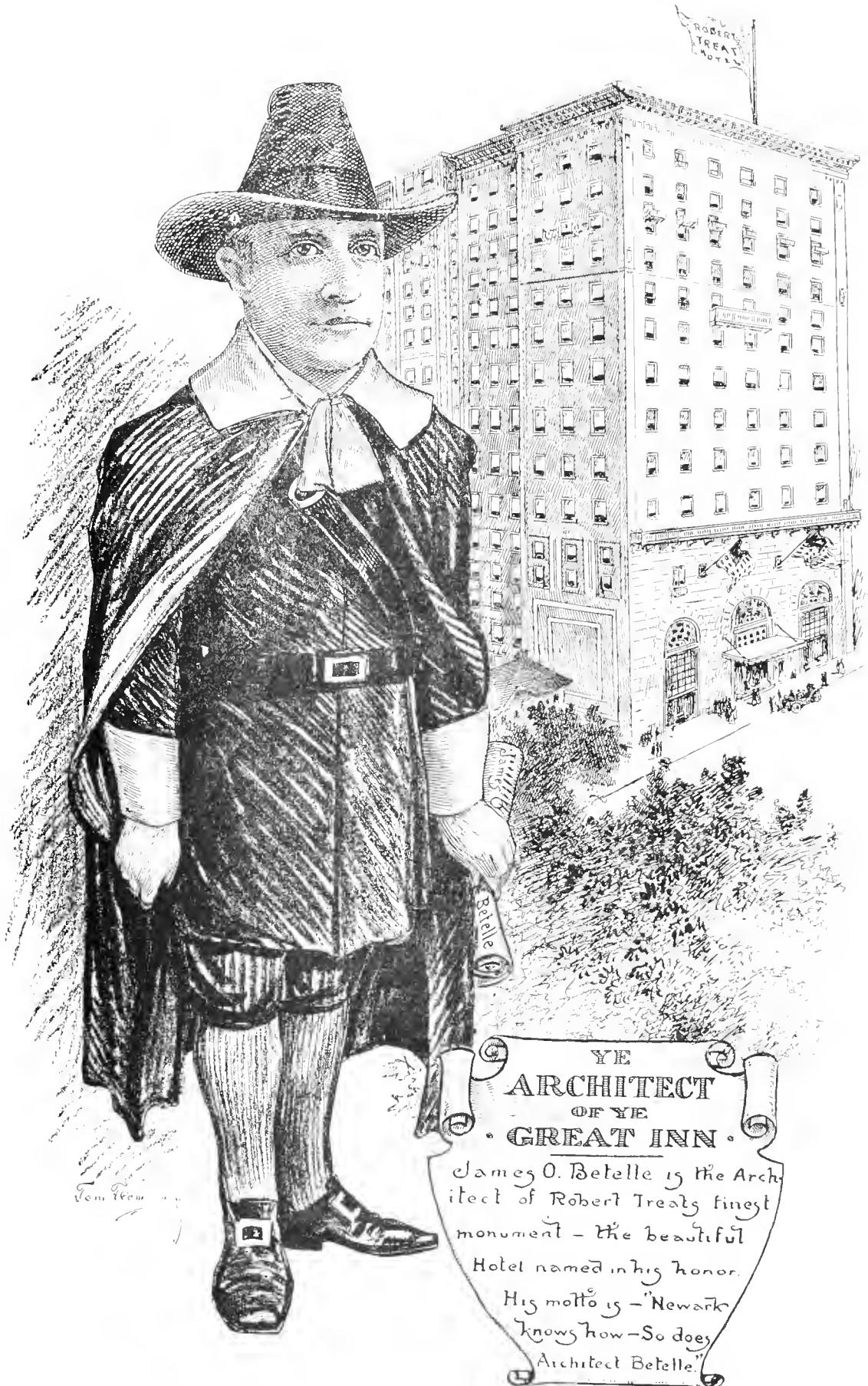
Back came the grain, and the anger of the Puritans rose accordingly. Each planter took back his share of the preferred tax and defiance was burlled at the stubborn Carteret. "If the Governor wants his quit-rents he must come for them now," they exclaimed in unison.

Carteret soon after fled the country, after which the



Newark settlers held an indignation meeting and passed resolutions denouncing his tyrannous government, which they forwarded to England. Concessions were made which granted easier terms for the Newarkers, and thus ended the "corn war."

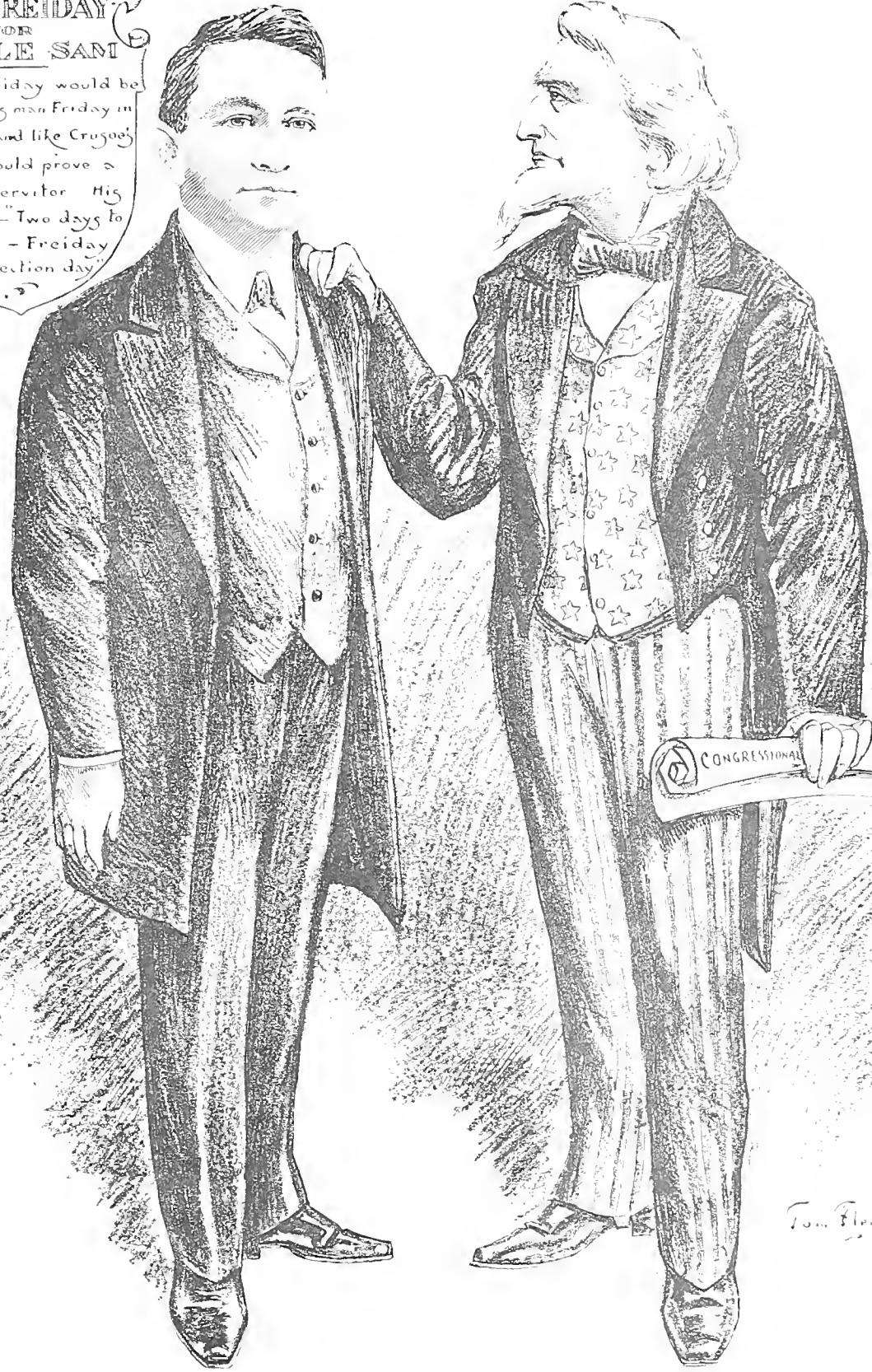
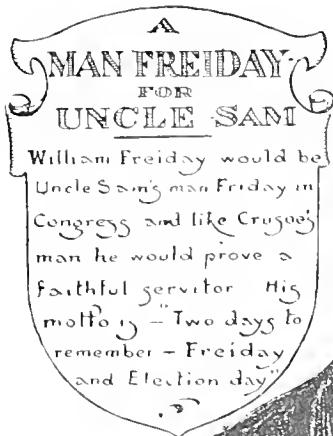














## CHAPTER XV.

## Taxes



HERE are two pardonable sins, according to the average man. One is to "duck" a railroad fare, and the other is to dodge a tax-bill.

In Newark on Passayak, it was all the tax collector could do to get the early settlers to pay their taxes. At a meeting held on November 14th, 1672, it was decreed: "That every Man shall Bring in a list of their Estates to John Curtis and John Brown, Jr. And if it be known that any one leaves out any of their Estates, they shall forfeit 5 shillings in the pound; and if they do not bring in their Estates timely, they shall be fined 1 shilling for every one they fetch."

There is a world of meaning in this. It shows too plainly that the leading of strict puritanical lives did not change human nature to any great extent. There were tax-dodgers even among those who attended the services in the Little Meeting House.



Thomas Johnson was the tax collector. His tax office was situated on Broad street at Walnut. The periods and manner of payment were as follows:

"The One Half of it that is to be paid on the first of January, and the other half before the last of March. Current pay that will pass and is Accepted between Man and Man; and the Town hath made choice of Henry Lyon to be their Town Treasurer."

Considering the great wealth of some of the Newarkers of today, the assessed valuation of the estates of the early settlers makes interesting reading: Mr. Robert Treat was rated at \$3,300; Deacon Ward at \$1,750; Samuel Swaine at \$2,750; Richard Laurence at \$1,800; Mr. J. Camfield at \$2,500; Michael Tompkins at \$1,000, and Joseph Walters at \$900.

Newark's first tax budget amounted to \$1,200 in 1668. In 1915 it amounted to \$6,850,000. Thus it is easily seen that Newark has grown sufficiently to warrant a big celebration on her 250th birthday anniversary.

Taxes were paid in grain, as gold and silver coins were practically unknown. The tax collector's office looked like a granary on tax collection day, but as all the bills owed by the town were payable in grain, the collector was relieved of the task of conducting a grain storage warehouse.



# ARCHIMEDES

Thomas A Edison is the modern Archimedes.  
The great Syracusan craved a fol-  
dium that would enable him to move the world.  
The great American has evolved a storage  
battery that will move anything moveable  
in the world. Seven cities. Seven cities.  
Greater Newark, claiming the modern  
miracle-worker is "Hometown."  
"An invention in the Patent  
Office is worth two in  
the mind."





Thomas Johnson, the tax collector, was also the tavern keeper. It was a most profitable arrangement that could have been devised—for Johnson. When a settler came to pay his taxes there was usually a surplus over the exact amount of grain needed for the tax bill, and this was carried back in a more condensed form, as for instance, a bushel of wheat was equal to a gallon of spirits, and far more comfortable and convenient to carry in the liquid state, especially when the journey was both long and cold.

Tax paying has ever been repugnant to taxpayers, hence the combination of tavern and tax office had many things to commend it. When the planter had liquidated his irksome tax bill and his spirits were depressed, it was a most fortuitous combination of circumstances that made it possible to have his spirits again enlivened before taking his departure from the tavern-tax office.

Paying their taxes in grain was a vivid object lesson to the tillers of the soil, who had earned their tithes by the sweat of their brows, so they kept a sharp outlook that there should not be too many tax-eaters to gobble up their hard-earned taxes, for we learn that the town expenses only totalled \$800 for the entire year.



The minister of the Gospel was the best paid of any in the colony and he received the princely stipend of \$400 for the fifty-two Sabbath days of the year. The Puritans were a frugal people and believed not in extravagance.

It appears that corn was the principal grain used in payment of taxes, and as it was rated at three shillings a bushel, a man could scarcely pay his taxes unless he had a horse and wagon; or fed his corn to his hogs and, in the fall, drove them to the tax office. But some men will go to great lengths to pay their taxes—when the tax office is located in a tavern.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## Life No Laughing Matter in Early Newark



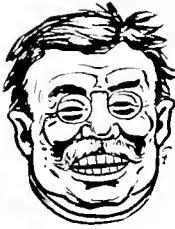
**I**HIFE was a very serious matter for the early Puritan. He seldom laughed. Laughter was mockery and life was too earnest a proposition to mock. "Laugh and grow fat" was the burden of an old adage. There were no broad, fat Puritans. On the contrary, they were narrow.

"Let me have men about me who are fat," exclaimed Julius Caesar. But he was a Roman and nothing Roman was ever tolerated in a Puritan community. Laugh, and the worldly will laugh with you; weep, and you weep righteously, for this world is a vale of tears.

The skies were bright blue, but the Puritan could not reach them; otherwise they would have been permanently sombre gray. The birds sang joyously as if in defiance of him. The birds were evidently not puritanical and knew nothing of the sinfulness of song.

The flowers grew bright with color in their gardens, but





woe betide the maiden so rash as to place one in her tresses on her way to the little meeting house on Sabbath morn. The first deacon she met would tear away the hateful emblem of joy and crush it under his good puritanical heel.

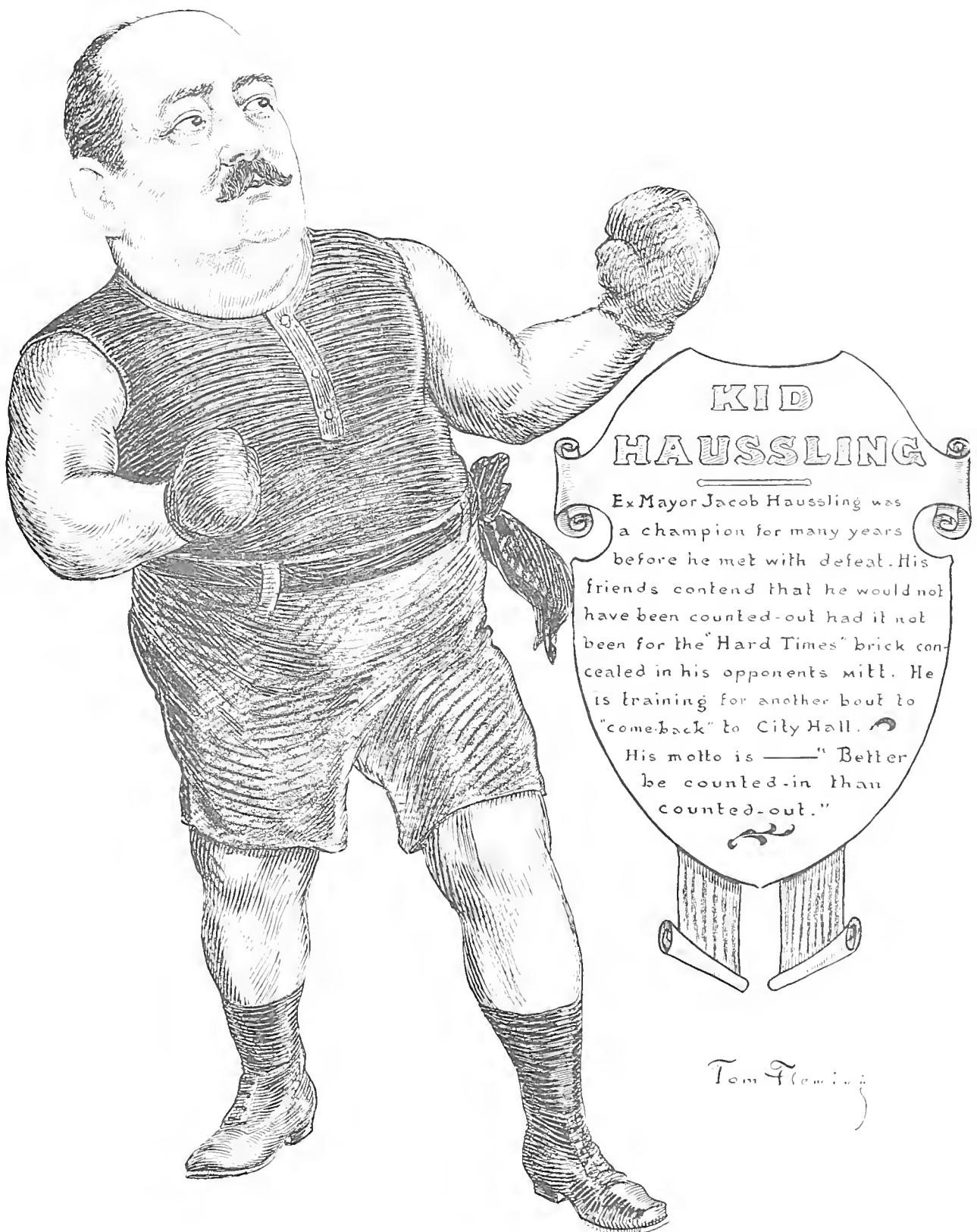
Newark under Puritan sway must have been a most lugubrious place. At a meeting held in February, 1680, it was agreed to forbid the harboring of strangers within the town. "No Planter shall receive or entertain any Man or Woman to stay or abide above one month within the bounds of the Town."

It can safely be said that the joyous celebration of Newark's 250th anniversary would have received the emphatic disapproval and condemnation of these self-same founders could they have returned to earth again in this twentieth century.

Another resolution passed at a meeting about the same time quaintly reads: "To prevent disorderly meeting of Young People at unseasonable times, it is voted as a Town Act, that no one shall harbour or entertain any person or persons at night after Nine O'Clock."



The night-watch had noticed, here and there, sundry persons in homes playing cards, throwing dice, eating food,





drinking cider and rum and otherwise carousing. It was no unusual thing for some erring prospective planter, unused to the strict observance of proprieties demanded in early Newark, to be given his passports and requested to leave the community if he displayed unusual mirth.

Visitors coming from neighboring colonies or across the seas were not allowed to tarry if it was suspected that their levity would in any way detract from the pious life of the Puritans.

For a period of forty years strangers were not welcome in Puritan Newark. Wordly goods alone were not sufficient to warrant an entrance to the sacred precincts of the saintly Passayak Town. Standards designated in the Fundamental Agreement were insisted upon and the most rigorous examinations were made of planters from neighboring colonies who wished to enter the portals of the strict community.

Flippant people, easily given to mirth, were not wanted and were promptly shown the door. "Go to New York if you want to laugh," said they. "Life in Newark is no laughing matter."

This was all in 1680, however, and the conditions have changed materially since then. There is still a great tendency



among certain classes of Newarkers to go to the town on the east bank of the North river to indulge in much hearty laughter, but this unholy propensity has been greatly diminished by the philanthropic railroads connecting Newark with the Great White Way on Manhattan Island, where mirth and frivolity prevail. By judiciously installing an extreme rate of fare they have greatly retarded the flow of travel to the white-light-hearted district. How fortunate for Newark that the transit companies are so solicitous regarding its moral welfare. It is barely possible, however, that this is not the precise purpose of these beneficent corporations, but let us not judge hastily. Let us rather incline to the view that the railroads mean to do Newark good—with the accent on the “do.”



# THE CHARIOTEE

Ralph W Appleby, of the  
Greene Motor Car Co., is an ex-  
pert in cars, from the ear-  
liest to the latest. His  
motto is — "When in Rome  
do as romans do; when  
in Newark do as wise  
Newarkers do; buy  
a Studebaker."





## CHAPTER XVII.

## Knowledge Linked With Salvation

 **T**HERE is no royal road to knowledge, neither should there be an ungodly road," quoted the pious Puritan when he undertook to provide means to educate the young. "The children of these stern men were tutored in God-fearing ways until, from being unregenerate and young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than young vipers, they were stirred up dreadfully to seek God," wrote Jonathan Edwards.

John Catlin opened the first school in Newark in 1678. He was a rough, uncouth Indian fighter as well as a schoolmaster. From the accounts left of his stormy career, it is evident that he was as qualified for fighting as for teaching, for we learn that he only taught a short time before returning to Connecticut to fight the Indians, where he soon after lost his life. Had he wisely remained in Newark "teaching the young idea to shoot," he would never have been shot in Connecticut.

Newark's first school building was located on the south side of Market street near Halsey in 1700. The primer used at this early school was of the type in use throughout Puritanland at this date. It intermingled stern lessons in morality with rules for arithmetic, grammar and geography. Reading was taught that the scriptures might be read, and geography was only useful because it enabled the pupil to more readily understand the localities mentioned in the Bible.

Newark's first High School was established by Dr. Burr, the father of Aaron Burr, in 1730. His school taught Latin and Greek, and was intended as a preparatory for boys for the university. For eight years the College of New Jersey, now known as Princeton University, was located in Newark.

Newark suffered a great loss when it permitted Princeton College to leave its confines. It would today be known as "The College of New Jersey," and the name of a "Prince" would have no part in its makeup.



YE SMOKE EATER

Gilbert E. Crogan, President  
of the Board of Fire Commissioners, is Newark's eminent  
Head Smoke eater. His  
army of smoke annihilators  
is the pride of Newark and  
the Fire Insurance Companies.  
His motto is.—"Where  
there's smoke there  
should be firemen."





## CHAPTER XVIII.

## The Indians

THE Indian has rarely had a good word said for him. He has been reviled in every tongue. He has been called treacherous and cruel. He has been swindled, coerced and maltreated in every way. General Sheridan said the only good Indian was a dead Indian. But he has some good points—he makes a good dummy for a cigar store. This is about as far as the white man will go in his behalf.

Lord Bacon declared that they were proscribed by the laws of nature as they had a barbarous custom of cannibalism. Certain divines of the sixteenth century affirmed that they "were two-legged brutes who went naked and had no beards. They were of copper complexion and it was the same as if they were negroes, and negroes were black, and black was the color of the devil. Therefore they should be exterminated," said the pious fathers.

That the Indian was well qualified to take care of himself before the advent of his self-appointed benefactors is attested





to by an account of what happened to one who became separated from his tribe in an impenetrable forest.

He had neither food, nor protection against the inclement winter weather except dilapidated clothing, and a knife. He started a fire by striking his knife against a flint. He made fish lines from strips of bark, and hooks from thorns. Breaking holes in the ice, he caught an abundance of fish. He fashioned traps and caught a number of animals for food and fur. He made mocassins and a fur cap. He made snow shoes and fur clothing. When spring came he had a canoe in which he loaded a great pile of furs and rode away on the first freshet that came.

The Indian may have been deficient in the arts of civilization, but he was an adept in resourcefulness.

Eleven years after making the first bargain for their land the Indians apparently got thirsty again, for we find recorded that on March 13th, 1678, they sold a strip of land extending to the top of Watchung Mountain for "thirteen kams of rum." South Orange real estate sold cheap in those halcyon days.



The Indians called New Jersey "Scheyichbi." The old State has since been called all kinds of hard names, but none

quite so bad as this. This appellation was given to it by a hyphenized tribe of Indians, known as the Lenni-Lenapes, who occupied it before the advent of the white men. These Indians were of a peaceable nature and got along very amicably with the whites. All that is left of these original settlers is a tribe in the City of Newark which periodically meets at big dinners, and at sundry outings. This tribe has none of the peaceable characteristics of the ancient Lenni-Lenapes, as they engage in furious combat every fall at election time and are very warlike—with ballots instead of bullets, however.

But the Indians have all disappeared from New Jersey. Christian charity and love advanced too rapidly for these simple children of the wilds. They have only themselves to blame. They were too stupid and perverse to see the errors of their ways and by their persistence in disbelieving the doctrines of their superiors, fell a prey to the fate of all who stubbornly refuse to listen to reason and wantonly reject the truths expressed in the platitudes preached by their self-appointed benefactors—but never practiced by them.



The Pessimist

**N**othing can be more certain than the result  
of the present contest between the  
two great forces of Nature—the  
elements of life and death. The  
former, as indeed any pessimistically  
inclined person will tell you, in a busy city  
like New York there is no place for other than an  
unpleasant atmosphere; and when no destruction is inevitable,  
it is well to consider precisely what trees and fields even draft  
such a curse. It is a fact that timbermen can weigh and  
measure millions of miles of logs when heavy trains of  
cars can be propelled over mountains by the power obtained  
from a single engine along the tracks, when the sweet odors of  
flowers can be reconstructed from the cod in which they were  
imbedded ages ago, when a horse can be made to travel  
thousands of miles under water, when a ship can be built to  
sail through the air faster than the fleetest bird can fly, when  
life can be restored when lost by suffocation, when a surgical



## PERIOD OF THE FAMULUS

The first stage of the development of the human being is

the embryonic period, followed by the fetal period.

Following the fetal period comes the period of the

new-born child, which is called the period of the

infant, and finally the childhood period, which is called

the period of the child, or the period of the

young child.

Famulus life is a period of social development. It  
usually occupies approximately one year of the life of the child,  
and is marked by interesting incidents. These incidents  
are numerous and varied, and involve the various activities  
which they begin to take up as they start to make contacts  
with other people, and to meet other people.

When the famulus first arrives at the gates of the

house, he is received with great cordiality by all.

The master is immediately interested in the

friends with whom the famulus has come, and makes

kindly and familiar greetings to them.

When the famulus reaches his established home,

he becomes the master's friend, and is welcomed with

great cordiality by those who have been his friends since

the time they were born of the body, and he becomes a member of the

clan of the master. Now we find that the



The lowly emigrant has made America what it is. He is usually looked upon with contempt by the native who ridicules his broken English, his imported manners and customs. After a few years, he in turn looks with disdain on the newcomer who has followed him.

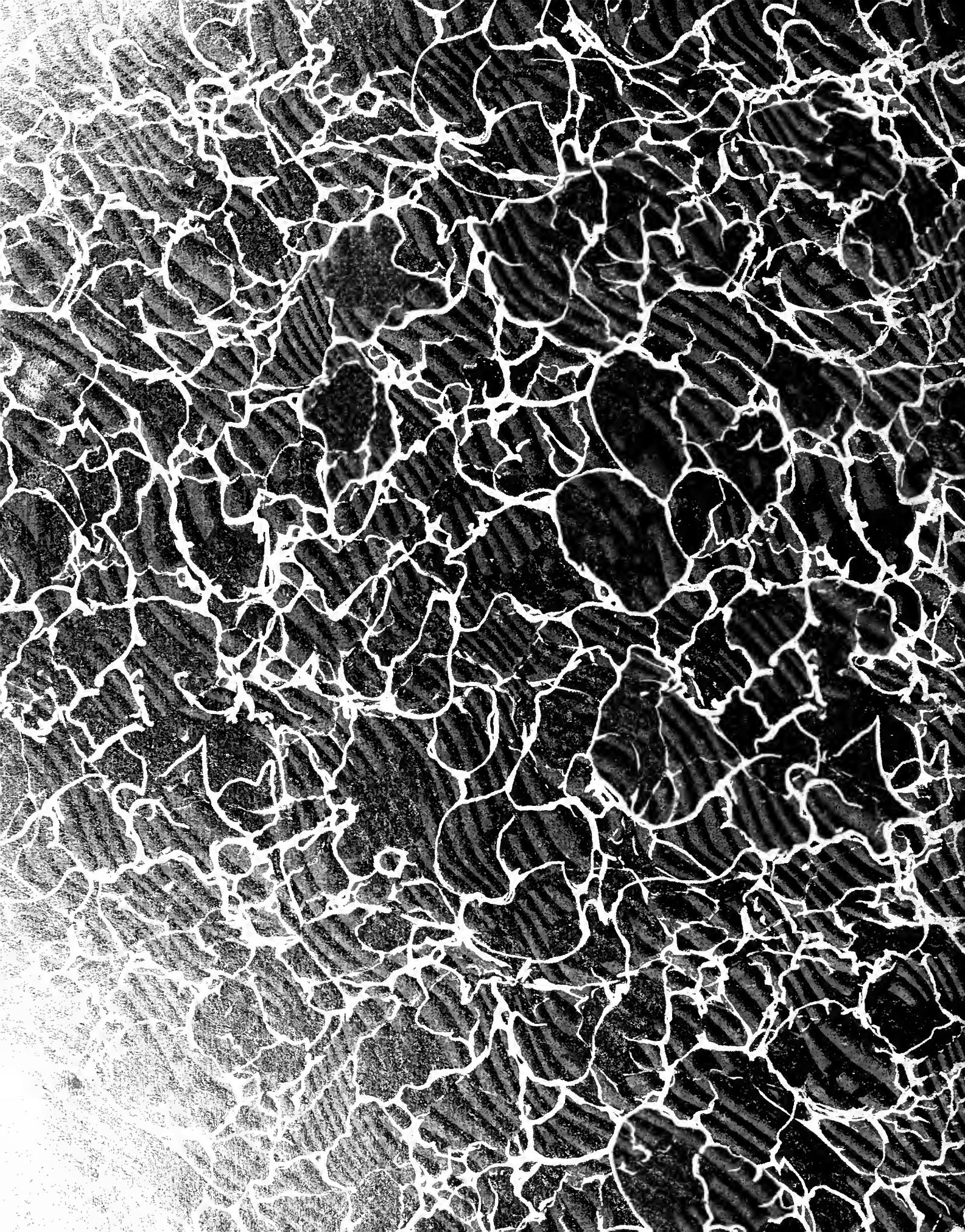
The stranger, the emigrant, the outsider, should be welcomed in every community with open arms. He is the true optimist, who quickly sees the overlooked opportunities and at once proceeds to take advantage of them. He is never a pessimist. He invariably brings the spirit of enterprise with him. Welcome him with open arms, Newark. He is your true mascot. Work with him. Don't work against him. Welcome the enthusiastic newcomer and Newark will soon become one of the brightest stars in Columbia's galaxy of great cities.

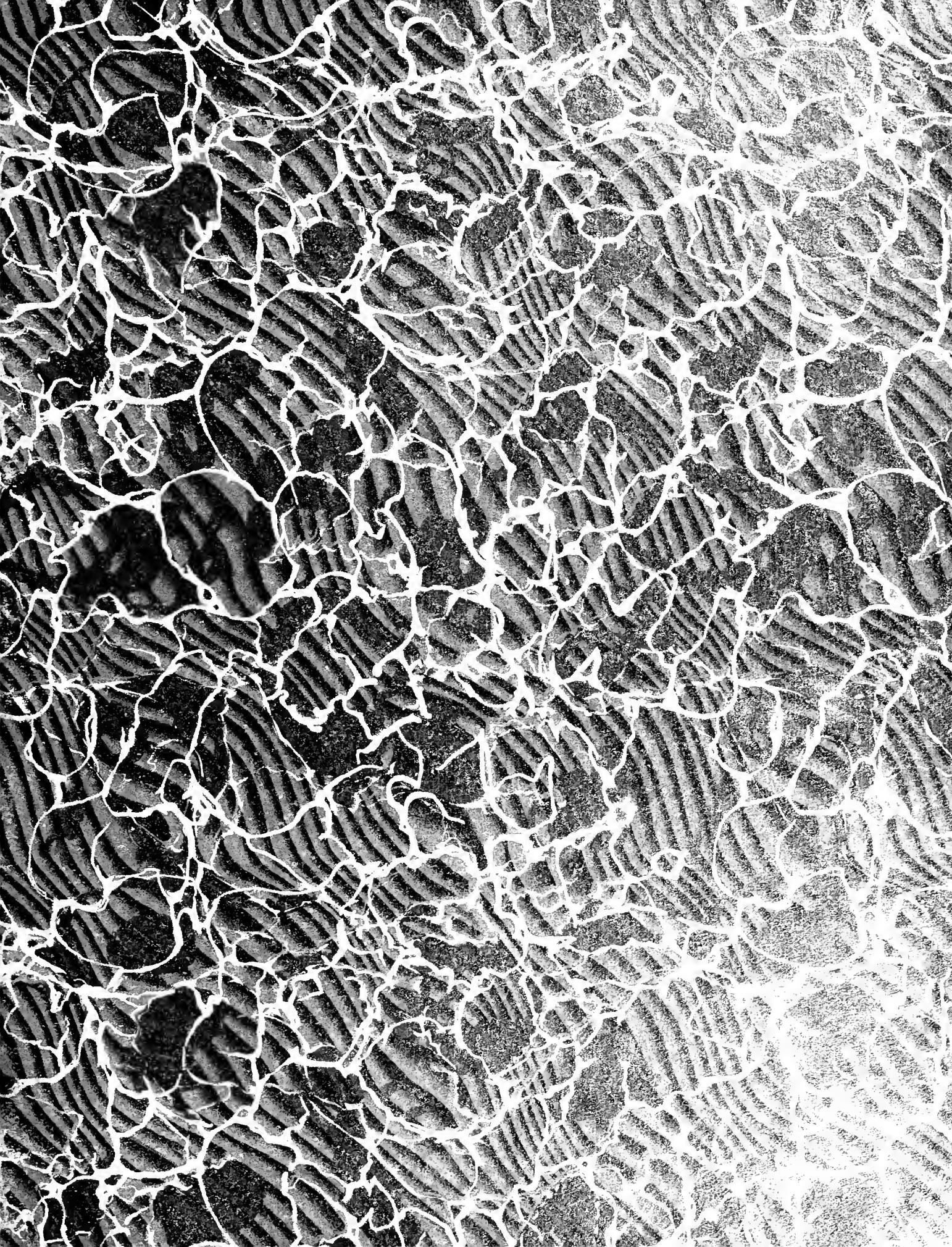


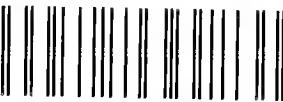












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